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EURIPIDES

IV

EURIPIDES

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY
ARTHUR S. WAY, D.LIT.

IN FOUR VOLUMES

IV

~~ION~~ ~~HIPPOLYTUS~~ ~~MEDEA~~
~~ALCESTIS~~



LONDON: WILLIAM HEINEMANN
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ION

VOL. IV.

ARGUMENT

IN the days when Erechtheus ruled over Athens, Apollo wrought violence to the king's young daughter Creusa. And she, having borne a son, left him, by reason of her fear and shame, in the cave wherein the God had humbled her. But Apollo cared for him, and caused the babe to be brought to Delphi, even to his temple. Therein was the child nurtured, and ministered in the courts of the God's house. And in process of time Erechtheus died, and left no son nor daughter save Creusa, and evil days came upon Athens, that she was hard bestead in war. Then Xuthus, a chief of the Achæan folk, fought for her and prevailed against her Euboean enemies, and for guerdon of victory received the princess Creusa to wife, and so became king-consort in Athens. But to these twain was no child born ; so, after many years, they journeyed to Delphi to inquire of the oracle of Apollo touching issue. And there the God ordered all things so that the lost was found, and an heir was given to the royal house of Athens. Yet, through the blind haste of mortals, and their little faith, was the son well-nigh slain by the mother, and the mother by the son.

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΕΡΜΗΣ

ΙΩΝ

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΙΔΩΝ ΚΡΕΟΥΣΗΣ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ ΚΡΕΟΥΣΗΣ

ΠΥΘΙΑ *ἤτοι* ΠΡΟΦΗΤΙΣ

ΑΘΗΝΑ

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

HERMES, *the messenger of the Gods.*

ION, *son of Apollo and Creusa.*

CREUSA, *Queen of Athens, Daughter of Erechtheus, and wife of Xuthus.*

XUTHUS, *an Achaean chief, king-consort of Athens.*

OLD SERVANT (*of Erechtheus formerly, then of Creusa*)

SERVANT (*of Xuthus*).

PYTHIA, *the Prophetess of the temple.*

ATHENA, *Patron-goddess of Athens.*

CHORUS, *consisting of Handmaids attendant on Creusa.*

Attendants, priests, guards, and Delphian citizens.

SCENE: *At Delphi, in the fore-court of the temple of Pythian Apollo, who is called also Phoebus, and Loxias. The great altar of sacrifice stands in the centre.*

ΙΩΝ

ΕΡΜΗΣ

10 Ἀτλας, ὁ χαλκείοισι νώτοις οὐρανὸν
 θεῶν παλαιὸν οἶκον ἐκτρίβων, θεῶν
 μιάς ἔφυσε Μαΐαν, ἥ 'μ' ἐγείνατο
 Ἑρμῆν μεγίστῳ Ζηνί, δαιμόνων λάτριν.
 ἦκω δὲ Δελφῶν τήνδε γῆν, ἔν' ὀμφαλὸν
 μέσον καθίζων Φοῖβος ὑμνωδεῖ βροτοῖς
 τά τ' ὄντα καὶ μέλλοντα θεσπίζων αἰεί.
 ἔστιν γὰρ οὐκ ἄσημος Ἑλλήνων πόλις,
 τῆς χρυσολόγχου Παλλάδος κεκλημένη,
 οὐ παῖδ' Ἑρεχθέως Φοῖβος ἔξευξεν γάμοις
 βία Κρέουσας, ἔνθα προσβόρρους πέτρας
 Παλλάδος ὑπ' ὄχθῳ τῆς Ἀθηναίων χθονὸς
 Μακρὰς καλοῦσι γῆς ἄνακτες Ἀτθίδος.
 ἀγνώς δὲ πατρί, τῷ θεῷ γὰρ ἦν φίλον,
 γαστρὸς διήνεγκ' ὄγκον· ὥς δ' ἦλθεν χρόνος,
 τεκοῦσ' ἐν οἴκοις παῖδ' ἀπήνεγκεν βρέφος
 εἰς ταῦτ' ἄντρον οὐπὲρ ἡνιάσθη θεῷ
 Κρέουσα, κακτίθησιν ὥς θανούμενον
 κοίλῃς ἐν ἀντίπηγος εὐτρόχῳ κύκλῳ,
 προγόνων νόμον σφάζουσα τοῦ τε γηγενοῦς
 Ἑριχθονίου· κείνῳ γὰρ ἡ Διὸς κόρη
 φρουρῶ παραζεύξασα φύλακε σώματος
 δισσῶ δράκοντε, παρθένους Ἀγλαυρίσι

ION

Enter HERMES.

HERMES

ATLAS, whose brazen shoulders wear the base
Of heaven, the ancient home of Gods, begat
Of a certain Goddess¹ Maia, which bare me,
Hermes, heaven's messenger, to Zeus most high.
Now to this Delphian land I come, where Phoebus
Hath at earth's navel his prophetic seat,
Revealing things that are and things to be.

There is a famous city of the Greeks,
Named Burg of Pallas of the Golden Spear.
There Phoebus forced Erechtheus' child Creusa, 10
Where the north-facing rocks, beneath the Mount
Of Pallas in the Athenian land, are called
The Long Cliffs by the lords of Attica.
Naught knew her sire—for this was Phoebus'
will—

The burden 'neath her heart; but in due time
She travailed in his halls, and brought the babe
Unto the selfsame cave wherein the God
Had humbled her, and left it there to die
In the fair-rounded hollow of an ark, 20
Still keeping the tradition of her race
And earth-born Erichthonius, by whom
Zeus' Daughter set for warders of his life
Two serpents, ere to the Agraulid maids

¹ Pleione, daughter of Ocean.

δίδωσι σφάζειν· ὅθεν Ἐρεχθείδαις ἔτι
 νόμος τις ἔστιν ὄφεισιν ἐν χρυσηλάτοις
 τρέφειν τέκν'. ἀλλ' ἦν εἶχε παρθένος χλιδὴν
 τέκνῳ προσάψας· ἔλιπεν ὡς θανουμένῳ.
 καὶ μ' ὦν ἀδελφὸς Φοῖβος αἰτεῖται τάδε·
 30 ὦ σύγγγον', ἐλθὼν λαὸν εἰς αὐτόχθονα
 κλεινῶν Ἀθηνῶν, οἴσθα γὰρ θεᾶς πόλιν,
 λαβὼν βρέφος νεογνὸν ἐκ κοίλης πέτρας
 αὐτῷ σὺν ἄγγει σπαργάνοισί θ' οἷς ἔχει
 ἔνεγκε Δελφῶν τὰμὰ πρὸς χρηστήρια
 καὶ θεῶς πρὸς αὐταῖς εἰσόδοις δόμων ἐμῶν.
 τὰ δ' ἄλλ', ἐμὸς γάρ ἐστιν, ὡς εἰδῆς, ὁ παῖς,
 ἡμῖν μελήσει. Λοξία δ' ἐγὼ χάριν
 πράσσω· ἀδελφῷ πλεκτὸν ἐξάρας κύτος
 ἤνεγκα καὶ τὸν παῖδα κρηπιδῶν ἐπι
 40 τίθημι ναοῦ τοῦδ', ἀναπτύξας κύτος
 εἰλικτὸν ἀντίπηγος, ὡς ὀρῶθ' ὁ παῖς.
 κυρεῖ δ' ἄμ' ἱππεύοντος ἡλίου κύκλῳ
 προφήτης εἰσβαίνουσα μαντεῖον θεοῦ·
 ὄψιν δὲ προσβαλοῦσα παιδὶ νηπίῳ
 ἐθαύμασ' εἴ τις Δελφίδων τλαίῃ κόρη
 λαθραῖον ὠδῖν' εἰς θεοῦ ῥίψαι δόμον,
 ὑπὲρ δὲ θυμέλας διορίσαι πρόθυμος ἦν·
 οἶκτῳ δ' ἀφῆκεν ὠμότητα, καὶ θεὸς
 συνεργὸς ἦν τῷ παιδὶ μὴ ἔκπεσεῖν δόμων.
 τρέφει δὲ νιν λαβοῦσα· τὸν σπεύραντα δὲ
 50 οὐκ οἶδε Φοῖβον οὐδὲ μητέρ' ἧς ἔφυ,
 ὁ παῖς τε τοὺς τεκόντας οὐκ ἐπίσταται.
 νέος μὲν οὖν ὦν ἀμφὶ βωμίους τροφάς
 ἡλᾶτ' ἀθύρων· ὡς δ' ἀπηνδρώθη δέμας,
 Δελφοί σφ' ἔθεντο χρυσοφύλακα τοῦ θεοῦ
 ταμίαν τε πάντων πιστόν, ἐν δ' ἀνακτόροις

ION

She gave the babe to nurse. For this cause there
The Erechtheids use to hang about their babes
Serpents of gold. Yea, broidery from her robe
She tied to her babe, and left him, as for death.
Then did my brother Phoebus ask me this :
“Go, brother, to the earth-born folk of Athens
The glorious,—for thou know’st Athena’s burg,— 30
And from the rock-cleft take a babe new-born,
With cradle and with swaddling-bands withal,
And bear to Delphi, to mine oracle,
And set him at my temple’s entering-in.
All else be mine: for this—that thou mayst
know,—
Is my son.” For a grace to Loxias
My brother, took I up the woven ark,
And bare, and on the basement of this fane
I set him, opening first the cradle’s lid
With-woven, that the boy might so be seen. 40
And, as the sun drove forth his chariot, passed
A priestess into the prophetic shrine,
Who, casting eyes upon the wordless babe,
Marvelled that any Delphian maid should dare
Into the God’s house fling her child of shame,
And o’er the holy pale in zeal had thrust;
But pity banished cruelty: yea, the God
Wrought that the boy be not cast forth his fane.
So took she him and nursed, nor knew the sire
Was Phoebus, nor the reckling’s mother knew; 50
Nor knows the boy who brought him into life.
So did the youngling round the altars sport
That fed him. When to manhood waxed his
frame,
The Delphians made him treasurer of the God,
And trusted steward of all; and in the fane

ΙΩΝ

- θεοῦ καταζῇ δεῦρ' αἰὲν σεμνὸν βίον.
 Κρέουσα δ' ἡ τεκοῦσα τὸν νεανίαν
 Εὐόθῳ γαμείται συμφορᾶς τοιαύσδ' ὕπο.
 ἦν ταῖς Ἀθήναις τοῖς τε Χαλκωδοντίδαις,
 60 οἱ γῆν ἔχουσ' Εὐβοῖδα, πολέμιος κλύδων
 ὃν συμπονήσας καὶ ξυνεξελὼν δορὶ
 γάμων Κρεούσης ἀξίωμ' ἐδέξατο,
 οὐκ ἐγγενὴς ὢν, Αἰόλου δὲ τοῦ Διὸς
 γεγὼς Ἀχαιός· χρόνια δὲ σπείρας λέχη
 ἄτεκνός ἐστι, καὶ Κρέουσα· ὢν εἴνεκα
 ἤκουσι πρὸς μαντεῖ' Ἀπόλλωνος τάδε,
 ἔρωτι παίδων. Λοξίας δὲ τὴν τύχην
 εἰς τοῦτ' ἐλαύνει, κού λέληθεν, ὥς δοκεῖ.
 70 δώσει γὰρ εἰσελθόντι μαντεῖον τόδε
 Εὐόθῳ τὸν αὐτοῦ παῖδα, καὶ πεφυκέναι
 κείνου σφε φήσει, μητρὸς ὡς ἐλθὼν δόμους
 γνωσθῇ Κρεούσῃ, καὶ γάμοι τε Λοξίου
 κρυπτοὶ γένωνται παῖς τ' ἔχῃ τὰ πρόσφορα.
 Ἴωνα δ' αὐτόν, κτίστορ' Ἀσιάδος χθονός,
 ὄνομα κεκλήσθαι θήσεται καθ' Ἑλλάδα.
 ἀλλ' εἰς δαφνώδη γύαλα βήσομαι τάδε,
 τὸ κρανθὲν ὥς ἂν ἐκμάθω παιδὸς πέρι.
 ὁρῶ γὰρ ἐκβαίνοντα Λοξίου γόνον
 τόνδ', ὥς πρὸ ναοῦ λαμπρὰ θῇ πυλῶματα
 80 δάφνης κλάδοισιν. ὄνομα δ', οὗ μέλλει τυχεῖν,
 Ἴων' ἐγὼ σφε πρῶτος ὀνομάζω θεῶν.

ΙΩΝ

ἄρματα μὲν τάδε λαμπρὰ τεθρίππων
 ἥλιος ἤδη λάμπει κατὰ γῆν,
 ἀστρα δὲ φεύγει πῦρ τόδ' ἀπ' αἰθέρος

ION

He liveth to this day a hallowed life.
 But she, Creusa, that had borne the lad,
 Was wed to Xuthus, by such hap as this :—
 A surge of war 'twixt Athens rose and them
 That in Euboea hold Chalcidice ; 60
 Then on their side he fought, and smote their foes,
 And for his guerdon won Creusa's hand—
 An alien, yet Achæan born, and son
 Of Aeolus son of Zeus. But, after years
 Of wedlock, childless are they, for which cause
 To this shrine of Apollo have they come,
 Yearning for seed. Now Loxias guides their fate
 Hereto, nor hath forgotten, as might seem.
 He shall give Xuthus, when he entereth,
 His own child, saying to him, " Lo, thy son," 70
 That the lad, coming home, made known may be
 Unto Creusa, Loxias' deed abide
 Unknown, and so the child may have his right.
 And Ion shall he cause him to be called
 Through Greece, the founder of an Asian realm.
 Now to yon hollow bay-embowered I go
 To watch how destiny dealeth with the lad.
 For yonder see I Loxias' child come forth
 To make the temple-portals bright with boughs
 Of bay. And by the name that he shall bear, 80
 Ion, do I first name him of the Gods. [Exit.

70

80

Enter ION, followed by a throng of Delphian worshippers.

10N

Lo, yonder the Sun-god is turning to earthward his
splendour-blazing
Chariot of light ;
And the stars from the firmament flee from the fiery
arrows chasing,

90 εἰς νύχθ' ἱεράν,
 Παρνησιάδες δ' ἄβατοι κορυφαὶ
 καταλαμπόμεναι τὴν ἡμερίαν
 ἀψίδα βροτοῖσι δέχονται.
 σμύρνης δ' ἀνύδρου καπνὸς εἰς ὀρόφους
 Φοίβου πέτεται.

100 θάσσει δὲ γυνὴ τρίποδα ζάθεον
 Δελφίς, αἰείδουσ' Ἑλλησι βοάς,
 ἃς ἂν Ἀπόλλων κελαδήσῃ.
 ἀλλ', ὦ Φοίβου Δελφοὶ θέραπες,
 τὰς Κασταλίας ἀργυροειδεῖς
 βαίνετε δίνας, καθαραῖς δὲ δρόσοις
 φαιδρυνάμενοι στείχετε ναοὺς·
 στόμα τ' εὖφημον φρουρεῖτ' ἀγαθόν,
 φήμας τ' ἀγαθὰς
 110 τοῖς ἐθέλουσιν μαντεύεσθαι
 γλώσσης ἰδίας ἀποφαίνειν.
 ἡμεῖς δὲ, πόνους οὖς ἐκ παιδὸς
 μοχθοῦμεν αἰεὶ, πτόρθοισι δάφνης
 στέφεσιν θ' ἱεροῖς ἐσόδους Φοίβου
 καθαρὰς θήσομεν, ὑγραῖς τε πέδον
 ρανίσιν νοτερόν, πτηνῶν τ' ἀγέλας,
 αἱ βλάπτουσιν σέμν' ἀναθήματα,
 τόξοισιν ἐμοῖς φυγάδας θήσομεν·
 110 ὥς γὰρ ἀμήτωρ ἀπάτωρ τε γεγώς
 τοὺς θρέψαντας
 Φοίβου ναοὺς θεραπεύω.

ἀγ' ὦ νεηθαλὲς ὦ
 καλλίστας προπόλευμα δάφνας,
 ἃ τὰν Φοίβου θυμέλαν
 σαίρεις, ὑπὸ ναοῖς

στρ.

ION

To the sacred night :

And the crests of Parnassus untrodden are flaming
and flushed, as with yearning [daylight returning
Of welcome to far-flashing wheels with the glory of
To mortal sight.

To the roof-ridge of Phoebus the fume of the incense
of Araby burning

As a bird taketh flight. [Maiden 90

On the tripod most holy is seated the Delphian
Chanting to children of Hellas the wild cries, laden

With doom, from the lips of Apollo that ring.
Delphians, Phoebus's priesthood-train,

Unto Castaly's silvery-swirling spring

Pass ye, and cleanse with the pure spray-rain

Your bodies, or ever ye enter his fane.

Set a watch on the door of your lips ; be there heard
Nothing but good in the secret word

That ye murmur to them whose hearts be stirred 100

To seek to his shrine, that they seek not in vain.

And I in the toil that is mine—mine now, [bough,

And from childhood up,—with the bay's young

And with wreathèd garlands holy, will cleanse

The portals of Phoebus ; with dew from the spring
Will I sprinkle his pavement, and chase far thence

With the shaft from the string

The flocks of the birds : the defilers shall flee

From his offerings holy. Nor mother is mine

Neither father : his temple hath nurtured me, 110

And I serve his shrine.

Come, branch in thy freshness yet blowing, (*Str.*)

God's minister, loveliest bay,

Over the altar-steps glide :

In the gardens immortal, beside

ΙΩΝ

κήπων ἐξ ἀθανάτων,
 ἵνα δρόσοι τέγγουσ' ἱεραί,
 †τὰν ἀέναον παγὰν
 ἐκπροΐεῖσαι
 μυρσίνας, ἱερὰν φόβαν
 ἃ σαίρω δάπεδον θεοῦ
 παναμέριος ἅμ' αἰλίου
 πτέρυγι θαῶ
 λατρεύων τὸ κατ' ἡμαρ.
 ὦ Παιὰν ὦ Παιάν,
 εὐαίων εὐαίων
 εἴης, ὦ Λατοῦς παῖ.

καλὸν γε τὸν πόνον, ὦ
 Φοῖβε, σοὶ πρὸ δόμων λατρεύω
 τιμῶν μαντεῖον ἔδραν
 κλεινὸς δ' ὁ πόνος μοι
 θεοῖσιν δούλαν χέρ' ἔχειν,
 οὐ θνατοῖς ἀλλ' ἀθανάτοις·
 εὐφάμους δὲ πόνους μοχθεῖν
 οὐκ ἀποκάμνω.
 Φοῖβός μοι γενέτωρ πατήρ·
 τὸν βόσκοντα γὰρ εὐλογῶ,
 τὸ δ' ὠφέλιμον ἐμοὶ πατέρος
 ὄνομα λέγω,
 Φοίβου τοῦ κατὰ ναόν.
 ὦ Παιὰν ὦ Παιάν,
 εὐαίων εὐαίων
 εἴης, ὦ Λατοῦς παῖ.

ἀντ.

ἀλλ' ἐκπαύσω γὰρ μόχθους
 δάφνας ὀλκοῖς,

ION

His temple, hath burgeoned thy pride,
Where the sacred waters are flowing
Through a veil of the myrtle spray,
A fountain that leapeth aye

O'er thy tresses divine to pour. 120

I wave thee o'er Phoebus' floor
As the sun's wing soars sudden-glowing.
Such service is mine each day.

O Healer, O Healer-king,
Let blessing on blessing upring
Unto Leto's Son as I sing !

'Tis my glory, the service I render (Ant.)

In thy portals, O Phoebus, to thee !

I honour thy prophet-shrine. 130

Proud labour is mine—it is thine !

I am thrall to the Gods divine :

Not to men, but Immortals, I tender

My bondage ; 'tis glorious and free :

Never faintness shall fall upon me.

For my father thee, Phoebus, I praise,

Who hast nurtured me all my days :

My begetter, mine help, my defender

This temple's Phoebus shall be.

O Healer, O Healer-king, 140

Let blessing on blessing upring

Unto Leto's Son as I sing !

But—for now from the toil I refrain

Of the bay-boughs softly trailing,—

150 χρυσέων δ' ἐκ τευχέων ῥίψω
γαίας παγάν,
ἂν ἀποχεύονται
Κασταλίας δῖναι,
νοτερὸν ὕδωρ βάλλων,
ὅσιος ἀπ' εὐνάς ὦν.
εἴθ' οὕτως αἰεὶ Φοῖβον
λατρεύων μὴ παυσαίμαν,
ἧ παυσαίμαν ἀγαθᾶ μοίρα.

160 ἔα ἔα·
φοιτῶσ' ἤδη λείπουσιν τε
πτανοὶ Παρνασοῦ κοίτας·
αὐδῶ μὴ χρίμπτειν θριγκοῖς
μηδ' εἰς χρυσήρεις οἴκους.
μάρψω σ' αὖ τόξοις, ὦ Ζηνὸς
κῆρυξ, ὀρνίθων γαμφηλαῖς
ἰσχὺν νικῶν.

ὃδε πρὸς θυμέλας ἄλλος ἐρέσσει
κύκνος· οὐκ ἄλλα
φοινικοφαῇ πόδα κινήσεις ;
οὐδέν σ' ἅ φόρμιγξ ἅ Φοῖβου
σύμμολπος τόξων ῥύσαιτ' ἂν·
πάραγε πτέρυγας,
λίμνας ἐπίβα τᾶς Δηλιάδος·
αἰμάξεις, εἰ μὴ πείσει,
τὰς καλλιφθόγγους ᾠδάς.

170 ἔα ἔα·
τίς ὃδ' ὀρνίθων καινὸς προσέβα ;
μῶν ὑπὸ θριγκοὺς εὐναίας
καρφηρὰς θήσων τέκνοις ;

ION

From the pitchers of gold shall I rain
 The drops from the breast unfailing
 Of the earth that spring
 Where the foambell-ring
 Round Castaly's fount goeth sailing.
 It rains, it rains from my fingers fast,
 From the hands of the undefiled wide-cast. 150
 O that to Phoebus for ever so
 I might render service, nor respite know,
 Except unto happier lot I go !

Flights of birds are seen approaching.

Ho there, ho there !
 Even now are they flocking, the fowl of the air,
 On Parnassus forsaking each crag-hung lair.
 Touch not, I warn ye, the temple's coping,
 Nor the roofs with the glistening gold slant-sloping.
 Ha, my bow shall o'ertake thee again from afar,
 Zeus' herald, whose talons victorious war
 On the birds that strongest are. 160

Lo, yonder the pinion-oars come rowing
 Of another, a swan, to the altar :—away !
 Speed hence thy feet in the dawn rose-glowing ;
 Else Phoebus's lyre, that accordeth its lay
 To thy notes, from death shall redeem not thee.
 Waft onward thy wings of snow :
 Light down on the Delian mere oversea,
 Lest the blood-rush choke, if thou do not so,
 Thy sweet throat's melody.

Ha, what new fowl cometh hitherward winging ? 170
 Under our coping fain would he build
 A nest for his young from the stubble-field ?

ΙΩΝ

ψαλμοί σ' εἵρξουσιν τόξων.
οὐ πείσει ; χωρῶν δίνας
τὰς Ἀλφειοῦ παιδούργει
ἢ νάπος Ἰσθμιον,
ὥς ἀναθήματα μὴ βλάπτηται
ναοί θ' οἱ Φοίβου.

180

κτείνειν δ' ὑμᾶς αἰδοῦμαι
τοὺς θεῶν ἀγγέλλοντας φάμας
θνατοῖς· οἷς δ' ἔγκειμαι μόχθοις,
Φοίβῳ δουλεύσω, κοῦ λήξω
τοὺς βόσκοντας θεραπεύων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ α'

οὐκ ἐν ταῖς ζαθέαις Ἀθά-
ναις εὐκίονες ἦσαν αὐ-
λαὶ θεῶν μόνον, οὐδ' ἀγνι-
άτιδες θεραπεῖαι·
ἀλλὰ καὶ παρὰ Λοξία
τῷ Λατοῦς διδύμων προσώ-
πων καλλιβλέφαρον φῶς.

στρ.

190

ΧΟΡΟΣ β'

ἰδοὺ τάνδ', ἄθρησον,
Λερναῖον ὕδραν ἐναίρει
χρυσέαις ἄρπαις ὁ Διὸς παῖς·
φίλα, πρόσιδ' ὅσσοις.

ΧΟΡΟΣ α'

ἄθρῳ. καὶ πέλας ἄλλος αὐ-
τοῦ πανὸν πυρίφλεκτον αἶ-
ρει τις· ἄρ' ὃς ἐμαῖσι μυ-
θεύεται παρὰ πῆναις

ἀντ.

ION

It shall hold thee aloof, my bow's fierce singing !
 Wilt thou heed not ? Away, let thy nurslings hide
 Where the swirls of Alpheius coil and slide,
 Or mid Isthmian glens and groves,
 That the offerings undefiled may abide,
 And the temples that Phoebus loves.

Loth were I to slaughter such as ye,
 Which bear unto mortals the augury 180
 Of the Gods : but a burden is laid upon me :
 I am Phœbus' thrall, and I will not refrain
 My service to them that my life sustain.

*Enter CHORUS of Creusa's Handmaids. They move to
 right and left, admiring the sculptures on the walls
 of the temple. Members of Chorus chant in
 turn :—*

CHORUS 1

Not in Athens alone then, the city divine, (Str.)
 Stand courts of the Gods, with line on line
 Of stately columns ; nor service is thine
 There only, O Highway-king.
 Lo here, how in Loxias' holy place
 The son of Latona hath splendour and grace
 Of a twofold-gleaming temple-face.

CHORUS 2

Ah, look thou, behold this thing— 190
 How with golden scimitar Zeus' Son here
 Slayeth the hydra of Lerna's mere :
 Dear, one glance hitherward fling !

CHORUS 1

I see it :—and lo, where another anigh (Ant.)
 Is uplifting a flame-wrapped torch on high !
 Who is it—who ? On my broidery
 Is the hero's story told ?

ΙΩΝ

0

ἀσπιστὰς Ἴόλαος, ὃς
κοινοὺς αἰρόμενος πόρους
Δίῳ παιδὶ συναντλεῖ ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ γ'
καὶ μὰν τόνδ' ἄθρησον
πτεροῦντος ἔφεδρον ἵππου·
τὰν πῦρ πνέουσαν ἐναίρει
τρισώματον ἀλκάν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ α'
παντὰ τοι βλέφαρον διώ-
κω. σκέψαι κλόνον ἐν τείχε-
σι λαῖνοισι Γιγάντων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ δ'
ὦδε δερκόμεθ', ὦ φίλαι,†

0

ΧΟΡΟΣ ε'
λεύσσεις οὖν ἐπ' Ἑγκελάδῳ
γοργωπὸν πάλλουσαν ἵτυν ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ ς'
λεύσσω Παλλάδ', ἐμὰν θεόν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ ζ'
τί γάρ, κεραυνὸν
ἀμφίπυρον ὄβριμον ἐν Διὸς
ἐκηβόλοισι χερσίν ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ η'
ὀρῶ, τὸν δάιον
Μίμαντα πυρὶ καταιθαλοῖ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ θ'
καὶ Βρόμιος ἄλλον ἀπολέμοισι
κισσῖνοισι βάκτροις
ἐναίρει Γᾶς τέκνων ὁ Βακχεύς.

ION

Is it not Iolaüs, the warrior there,
Who had part in the dread emprise, and a share
In the burdens that Zeus's scion bare ? 200

CHORUS 3

Lo, lo, this other behold
Who rideth a winged horse, dealing death
To a dragon that vomiteth fiery breath,
A monster of shape threefold.

CHORUS 1

O yea, mine eyes turn swiftly on all
But O, see there on the marble wall
The battle-rout of the giant horde !

CHORUS 4

Yea, friends, we be gazing thitherward.

CHORUS 5

Dost mark who there on the stricken field
O'er Enceladus waveth her Gorgon-shield ? 210

CHORUS 6

Pallas, my Goddess !—I see her stand !

CHORUS 7

Lo, lo, where the bolt flame-flashing
Gleameth in Zeus' far-hurling hand
In resistless rush down-crashing.

CHORUS 8

I see :—upon Mimas his foe is the brand
With its blasting wildfire dashing.

CHORUS 9

And the earth-born there—no battle-wand
Is the ivy-encircled thyrsus-rod
That slays him, of Bromius, Reveller-god.

ΙΩΝ

220

ΧΟΡΟΣ ι'

σέ τοι τὸν παρὰ ναὸν αὐ-
δῶ· θέμις γυάλων ὑπερ-
βῆναι λευκῶ ποδὶ βηλόν ;¹

ΙΩΝ

οὐ θέμις, ὦ ξέναι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ ια'

οὐδ' ἂν ἐκ σέθεν ἂν πυθοίμαν αὐδάν ;

ΙΩΝ

τίνα τήνδε θέλεις ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ ια'

ἄρ' ὄντως μέσον ὀμφαλὸν
γᾶς Φοίβου κατέχει δόμος ;

ΙΩΝ

στέμμασί γ' ἐνδυτόν, ἀμφὶ δὲ γοργόνες.

ΧΟΡΟΣ ιβ'

οὕτω καὶ φάτις αὐδᾶ.

ΙΩΝ

εἰ μὲν ἐθύσατε πέλανον πρὸ δόμων
καί τι πυθέσθαι χρήζετε Φοίβου,
πάριτ' εἰς θυμέλας, ἐπὶ δ' ἀσφάκτοις
μήλοισι δόμων μὴ πάριτ' εἰς μυχόν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ ιγ'

230

ἔχω μαθοῦσα·
θεοῦ δὲ νόμον οὐ παραβαίνομεν·
ἃ δ' ἐκτός, ὄμμα τέρψει.

ΙΩΝ

πάντα θεᾶσθ', ὅ τι καὶ θέμις, ὄμμασι.

¹ Hermann : for ποδὶ γ' of MSS.

ION

CHORUS 10 (*addressing* ION)

Sir,—thou by the fane,—I would speak unto thee :
Prithee say, if with bare feet lawful it is 220
That the threshold we pass of the sanctuary.

ION

Nay, strangers, forfended is this.

CHORUS 11

Yet haply a thing I would learn wouldst thou show?

ION

What is this that thou cravest to know?

CHORUS 11

Is it so, that the walls of Phoebus rise
Even there, where Earth's mid-navel lies?

ION

Yea: and with wreaths is it hung, and watched by
the Gorgon-eyes.

CHORUS 12

Ay, rumour hath published it so.

ION

If a cake ye have cast on the forecourt's altar-fire,
And if there be aught that of Phoebus ye fain would
inquire,
Draw nigh to the altar-steps: into the inner fane
Pass none, but with bloodshed of sheep for the
sacrifice slain.

CHORUS 13

All this understand I aright: 230
We would trespass on naught by the God's law
hidden:
Enough is without for our feast of sight.

ION

Let your eyes gaze on upon all unforbidden.

ΙΩΝ

ΧΟΡΟΣ ιδ'

μεθείσαν δεσπότηι
με θεοῦ γύαλα τάδ' εἰσιδεῖν.

ΙΩΝ

δμωαὶ δὲ τίνων κλήζεσθε δόμων ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ ιε'

Παλλάδος ἔνοικα τρόφιμα μέλαθρα
τῶν ἐμῶν τυράννων·
παρούσας δ' ἀμφὶ τᾶσδ' ἐρωτᾶς.

ΙΩΝ

γενναιότης σοι, καὶ τρόπων τεκμήριον
τὸ σχῆμ' ἔχεις τόδ', ἥτις εἰ ποτ', ὦ γύναι.
240 γνοίῃ δ' ἂν ὡς τὰ πολλά γ' ἀνθρώπου πέρι
τὸ σχῆμ' ἰδὼν τις εἰ πέφυκεν εὐγενής.
ἔα·

ἄλλ' ἐξέπληξάς μ', ὄμμα συγκλήσασα σὸν
δακρύοις θ' ὑγράνας· εὐγενῇ παρηίδα,
ὡς εἶδες ἀγνὰ Λοξίου χρηστήρια.
τί ποτε μερίμνης εἰς τόδ' ἦλθες, ὦ γύναι ;
οὐ πάντες ἄλλοι γύαλα λεύσσοντες θεοῦ
χαίρουσιν, ἐνταῦθ' ὄμμα σὸν δακρυρροεῖ ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὦ ξένε, τὸ μὲν σὸν οὐκ ἀπαιδεύτως ἔχει
εἰς θαύματ' ἐλθεῖν δακρύων ἐμῶν πέρι·
250 ἐγὼ δ' ἰδοῦσα τοῦσδ' Ἀπόλλωνος δόμους
μνήμην παλαιὰν ἀνεμετρησάμην τινά·
οἴκοι δὲ τὸν νοῦν ἔσχον ἐνθάδ' οὐσά περ.
ὦ τλήμονες γυναῖκες· ὦ τολμήματα
θεῶν. τί δῆτα ; ποῖ δίκην ἀνοίσομεν,
εἰ τῶν κρατούντων ἀδικίαις ὀλούμεθα ;

ΙΩΝ

τί χρῆμ' ἀνερμήνευτα δυσθυμεῖ, γύναι ;

ION

CHORUS 14

Our lady had given us leave,—“Upon all
These shrines,” hath she said, “may ye gaze.”

ION

And the servants ye name you of what lord’s hall?

CHORUS 15

In Pallas’s dwelling-place
Is the mansion of princes that nurtured me;—
But of whom thou inquirest, lo, here is she.

Enter CREUSA.

ION

High birth is thine, and carriage consonant
Thereto, O lady, whosoe’er thou be.
Yea, in a man oft-times may one discern,
Marking his bearing, strain of gentle blood. 240
Ha, thou dost move me strangely!—down-dropt
eyes,
And noble cheeks all wet with rain of tears,
At sight of Loxias’ pure oracle!
How cam’st thou, lady, ’neath such load of care?
Where all beside, beholding the God’s shrines,
Rejoice, a fountain is thine eye of tears.

CREUSA

Stranger, I count it not discourtesy
That thou shouldst marvel touching these my tears.
But, looking on Apollo’s dwelling-place,
I traversed o’er an ancient memory’s track: 250
Afar my thoughts were, and my body here.
Ah, wrongs of women!—wrongful-reckless deeds
Of Gods! For justice where shall we make suit,
If ’tis our Lords’ injustice crushes us?

ION

Lady, for what veiled grief art thou cast down?

ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐδέν· μεθῆκα τόξα· τὰπὶ τῷδε δὲ
ἐγὼ τε σιγῶ καὶ σὺ μὴ φρόντιζ' ἔτι.

ΙΩΝ

τίς δ' εἶ ; πόθεν γῆς ἦλθες ; ἐκ ποίου πατρὸς
πέφυκας ; ὄνομα τί σε καλεῖν ἡμᾶς χρεών ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

260 Κρέουσα μὲν μοι τοῦνομ', ἐκ δ' Ἐρεχθέως
πέφυκα, πατρὶς γῆ δ' Ἀθηναίων πόλις.

ΙΩΝ

ὦ κλεινὸν οἰκοῦσ' ἄστν γεναίων τ' ἄπο
τραφεῖσα πατέρων, ὧς σε θαυμάζω, γύναι.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τοσαῦτα κεῦτυχοῦμεν, ὦ ξέν', οὐ πέρα.

ΙΩΝ

πρὸς θεῶν ἀληθῶς, ὧς μεμύθευται βροτοῖς,

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τί χρῆμ' ἐρωτᾷς, ὦ ξέν' ; ἐκμαθεῖν θέλω.

ΙΩΝ

ἐκ γῆς πατρός σου πρόγονος ἔβλασтен πατήρ ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

Ἐριχθόνιός γε· τὸ δὲ γένος μ' οὐκ ὠφελεί.

ΙΩΝ

ἦ καί σφ' Ἀθάνα γῆθεν ἐξανείλετο ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

270 εἰς παρθένους γε χεῖρας, οὐ τεκοῦσά νιν.

ΙΩΝ

δίδωσι δ', ὥσπερ ἐν γραφῇ νομίζεται ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

Κέκροπός γε σφύζειν παισιν οὐκ ὀρώμενον.

ΙΩΝ

ἤκουσα λῦσαι παρθένους τεύχος θεᾶς.

ION

CREUSA

Naught : I have sped my shaft : as touching this,
Nothing I say, nor thou conjecture aught.

ION

Who art thou ? What thy country ? Of what sire
Wert born ? What name is meet we name thee by ?

CREUSA

Creusa I, of King Erechtheus born : 260
The Athenians' city is my fatherland.

ION

O dweller in a glorious burg, and sprung
Of noble sires !—blest I account thee, lady.

CREUSA

Thus far, nor farther, stranger, goes my weal.

ION

Ah, is it true, the legend told to men—

CREUSA

What wouldst thou, stranger, ask ? I fain would learn.

ION

That from the earth thy father's grandsire sprang ?

CREUSA

Yea, Erichthonius :—me his birth avails not.

ION

And did Athena take him forth the earth ?

CREUSA

Yea, in her maiden arms : no mother she. 270

ION

And gave it, as the pictured legend tells—

CREUSA

To Cecrops' daughters to be nursed unseen.

ION

The maids unsealed, I heard, Athena's ark.

ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τοιγὰρ θανοῦσαι σκόπελον ἤμαξαν πέτρας.

ΙΩΝ

εἶεν·

τί δαὶ τόδ'; ἀρ' ἀληθὲς ἡ μάτην λόγος ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τί χρῆμ' ἐρωτᾷς ; καὶ γὰρ οὐ κάμνω σχολῇ.

ΙΩΝ

πατὴρ Ἐρεχθεὺς σὰς ἔθυσε συγγόνους ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἔτλη πρὸ γαίης σφάγια παρθένους κτανεῖν.

ΙΩΝ

σὺ δ' ἐξεσώθης πῶς κασιγνήτων μόνη ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

280 βρέφος νεογνὸν μητρὸς ἦν ἐν ἀγκάλαις.

ΙΩΝ

πατέρα δ' ἀληθῶς χάσμα σὸν κρύπτει χθονός ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

πληγαὶ τριαίνης ποντίου σφ' ἀπώλεσαν.

ΙΩΝ

Μακραὶ δὲ χῶρός ἐστ' ἐκεῖ κεκλημένος ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τί δ' ἱστορεῖς τόδ'; ὥς μ' ἀνέμνησάς τιнос.

ΙΩΝ

τιμᾶ σφε Πύθιος ἀστραπαὶ τε Πύθιαι ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τιμᾶ—τί τιμᾶ ; ¹ μήποτ' ὄφελόν σφ' ἰδεῖν.

ΙΩΝ

τί δέ ; στυγεῖς σὺ τοῦ θεοῦ τὰ φίλτατα ;

¹ Hermann : for MSS. τιμᾶ τιμᾶ.

ION

CREUSA

Then hurled themselves down blood-sprent cliffs to death.

ION

Ah, so !

And this—true is it, or an idle tale ?—

CREUSA

What wouldst thou ask ? My leisure serveth me.

ION

Thy sisters did thy sire Erechtheus slay ?

CREUSA

He endured to sacrifice them for his land.

ION

How wast thou only of thy sisters saved ?

CREUSA

A babe new-born in mother's arms was I.

280

ION

And did earth yawning verily hide thy sire ?

CREUSA

The Sea-god's trident smote him and destroyed.

ION

The Long Cliffs—is a place so named therein ?

CREUSA

Why dost ask this ?—thou wak'st a memory.

ION

Phoebus with Pythian lightnings honours them.

CREUSA

Honours them, quotha ! O to have seen them never !

ION

What ?—hatest thou the God's haunt well-beloved ?

ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐδέν· ξύνοιδ' ἀντροισιν αἰσχύνῃν τινά.

ΙΩΝ

πόσις δὲ τίς σ' ἔγμ' Ἀθηναίων, γύναι ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

290 οὐκ ἄστος, ἀλλ' ἐπακτὸς ἐξ ἄλλης χθονός.

ΙΩΝ

τίς ; εὐγενῇ νιν δεῖ πεφυκέναι τινά.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

Ξοῦθος, πεφυκὼς Αἰόλου Διός τ' ἄπο.

ΙΩΝ

καὶ πῶς ξένος σ' ὦν ἔσχευ οὔσαν ἐγγενῇ ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

Εὐβοί' Ἀθήναις ἔστι τις γείτων πόλις·

ΙΩΝ

ὄροις ὑγροῖσιν, ὡς λέγουσ', ὠρισμένη.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ταύτην ἔπερσε Κεκροπίδαις κοινῷ δορί.

ΙΩΝ

ἐπίκουρος ἐλθὼν ; κατὰ σὸν γαμεῖ λέχος ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

φερνάς γε πολέμου καὶ δορὸς λαβὼν γέρας.

ΙΩΝ

σὺν ἀνδρὶ δ' ἥκεις ἢ μόνῃ χρηστήρια ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

300 σὺν ἀνδρί. σηκοῖς δ' ἐνστρέφει Τροφωνίου.

ΙΩΝ

πότερα θεατῆς ἢ χάριν μαντευμάτων ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

κείνου τε Φοίβου θ' ἐν θέλων μαθεῖν ἔπος.

ΙΩΝ

καρποῦ δ' ὕπερ γῆς ἤκετ', ἢ παίδων πέρι ;

ION

CREUSA

Naught.—I and that cave know a deed of shame.

ION

And what Athenian, lady, is thy lord ?

CREUSA

No citizen. An outland alien.

290

ION

Who ?—sooth, of princely birth must he have been.

CREUSA

Xuthus, the seed of Aeolus and Zeus.

ION

How might an alien win thee, native-born ?

CREUSA

A neighbour state, Euboea, Athens hath ;—

ION

Sundered by watery marches, as they tell.

CREUSA

This smote he, spear-ally of Cecrops' sons.

ION

Their war-aid ?—and thereafter won thine hand ?

CREUSA

His dower of battle, guerdon of his spear.

ION

With thy lord com'st thou hither, or alone ?

CREUSA

With him. He lingereth at Trophonius' cave.

300

ION

To gaze thereon, or for an oracle ?

CREUSA

One thing of him and Phoebus would he learn.

ION

For increase of the land, or sons, come ye ?

ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἄπαιδές ἐσμεν, χρόνι' ἔχοντ' εὐνήματα.

ΙΩΝ

οὐδ' ἔτεκες οὐδὲν πώποτ', ἀλλ' ἄτεκνος εἶ ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὁ Φοῖβος οἶδε τὴν ἐμὴν ἀπαιδίαν.

ΙΩΝ

ὦ τλήμων, ὡς τᾷλλ' εὐτυχοῦς' οὐκ εὐτυχεῖς.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

σὺ δ' εἶ τίς ; ὥς σου τὴν τεκούσαν ὤλβισα.

ΙΩΝ

τοῦ θεοῦ καλοῦμαι δοῦλος εἰμί τ', ὦ γύναι.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

310 ἀνάθημα πόλεως, ἣ τινος πραθεῖς ὑπο ;

ΙΩΝ

οὐκ οἶδα πλὴν ἔν' Λοξίου κεκλήμεθα.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἡμεῖς σ' ἄρ' αὐθις, ὦ ξέν', ἀντοικτείρομεν.

ΙΩΝ

ὥς μὴ εἰδόθ' ἦτις μ' ἔτεκεν ἐξ ὅτου τ' ἔφυν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ναοῖσι δ' οἰκεῖς τοισίδ' ἢ κατὰ στέγας ;

ΙΩΝ

ἅπαν θεοῦ μοι δῶμ', ἵν' ἂν λάβῃ μ' ὕπνος.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

παῖς δ' ὦν ἀφίκου ναὸν ἢ νεανίας ;

ΙΩΝ

βρέφος λέγουσιν οἱ δοκοῦντες εἰδέναι.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

καὶ τίς γάλακτί σ' ἐξέθρεψε Δελφίδων ;

ΙΩΝ

οὐπώποτ' ἔγνω μαστόν· ἢ δ' ἔθρεφέ με—

ION

CREUSA

Childless we are, who have been wedded long.

ION

Never hast thou borne issue, barren all?

CREUSA

Phoebus doth know what childlessness is mine.

ION

Blest in all else, sad heart, unblest in this!

CREUSA

And who art thou? Blessed the womb that bare thee!

ION

Lady, the God's thrall I am called, and am.

CREUSA

Some city's offering?—or in slave-mart sold? 310

ION

I know but this—I am called Loxias' thrall.

CREUSA

I then in turn, O stranger, pity thee.

ION

As one that never sire nor mother knew.

CREUSA

Dwellest thou in this temple, or a house?

ION

The God's wide halls be mine when I would sleep.

CREUSA

A child, or stripling, cam'st thou to the fane?

ION

A babe was I, say they who best should know.

CREUSA

And who of Delphi's daughters gave thee suck?

ION

Never I knew the breast. Mine only nurse—

ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

320 τίς, ὦ ταλαίπωρ'; ὡς νοσοῦσ' ἡὔρον νόσους.

ΙΩΝ

Φοίβου προφήτης, μητέρ' ὡς νομίζομεν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

εἰς δ' ἄνδρ' ἀφίκου τίνα τροφὴν κεκτημένος ;

ΙΩΝ

βωμοί μ' ἔφερβον οὐπιῶν τ' αἰεὶ ξένος.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τάλαινά σ' ἢ τεκοῦσα· τίς ποτ' ἦν ἄρα ;

ΙΩΝ

ἀδίκημά του γυναικὸς ἐγενόμην ἴσως.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἔχεις δὲ βίοντον ; εὖ γὰρ ἥσκησαι πέπλοις.

ΙΩΝ

τοῖς τοῦ θεοῦ κοσμούμεθ', ὃ δουλεύομεν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐδ' ἦξας εἰς ἔρευναν ἐξευρεῖν γονάς ;

ΙΩΝ

ἔχω γὰρ οὐδέν, ὦ γύναι, τεκμήριον.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

φεῦ·

330 πέπονθέ τις σῇ μητρὶ ταῦτ' ἄλλη γυνή.

ΙΩΝ

τίς ; εἰ πόνου μοι ξυλλάβοι, χαίρομεν ἄν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἦς εἶνεκ' ἦλθον δεῦρο πρὶν πόσιν μολεῖν.

ΙΩΝ

ποιῶν τι χρήζουσ' ; ὡς ὑπουργήσω, γύναι.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

μάντευμα κρυπτὸν δεομένη Φοίβου μαθεῖν.

ION

CREUSA

Who, child of sorrow? I find my wound in thine! 320

ION

Was Phoebus' priestess: her I count my mother.

CREUSA

How nurtured hast thou come to man's estate?

ION

The altars fed me: each chance stranger gave.

CREUSA

Woe is thy mother! Ah, and who was she?

ION

I am record haply of a woman's wrong.

CREUSA

And hast thou wealth?—for rich is thine attire.

ION

Of Him is mine adorning, whom I serve.

CREUSA

But on thy birth's track hast thou never pressed?

ION

Ah, lady, clue hereunto have I none.

CREUSA

(*Sighs.*) There's one was even as thy mother
wronged. 330

ION

Who?—would she share my burden, glad were I.

CREUSA

For her sake came I, while delays my lord.

ION

And what thy quest? Lady, mine help is thine.

CREUSA

Craving a secret oracle of Phoebus.

ΙΩΝ

ΙΩΝ

λέγοις ἄν· ἡμεῖς τᾶλλα προξενήσομεν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἄκουε δὴ τὸν μῦθον· ἄλλ' αἰδούμεθα.

ΙΩΝ

οὐ τᾶρα πράξεις οὐδέν· ἀργὸς ἢ θεός.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

Φοίβῳ μιγῆναί φησί τις φίλων ἐμῶν.

ΙΩΝ

Φοίβῳ γυνὴ γεγῶσα; μὴ λέγ', ὦ ξένη.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

340 καὶ παῖδά γ' ἔτεκε τῷ θεῷ λάθρα πατρός.

ΙΩΝ

οὐκ ἔστιν· ἀνδρὸς ἀδικίαν αἰσχύνεται.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐ φησιν αὐτῇ· καὶ πέπονθεν ἄθλια.

ΙΩΝ

τί χρῆμα δράσας, εἰ θεῷ συνεζύγη;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τὸν παῖδ' ὃν ἔτεκεν ἐξέθηκε δωμάτων.

ΙΩΝ

ὁ δ' ἐκτεθεὶς παῖς ποῦ ἔστιν; εἰσορᾷ φάος;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐκ οἶδεν οὐδεὶς. ταῦτα καὶ μαντεύομαι.

ΙΩΝ

εἰ δ' οὐκέτ' ἔστι, τίνι τρόπῳ διεφθάρη;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

θῆρας σφε τὸν δύστηνον ἐλπίζει κτανεῖν.

ΙΩΝ

ποιῶ τόδ' ἔγνω χρωμένη τεκμηρίῳ;

ION

ION

Speak it : myself will undertake for thee.

CREUSA

Hear then the story :—but ashamed am I.

ION

Shame shall not help thy strait,—a deedless Goddess!

CREUSA

She saith—my friend—that Phoebus humbled her.

ION

Phoebus !—a woman ! Stranger, say not so.

CREUSA

She bare the God's child, and her sire knew naught. 340

ION

Never !—a man's crime this, and hers the shame.

CREUSA

No !—herself saith. She hath suffered griefs beside.

ION

Suffered ?—for what sin wrought—this bride of
heaven ?

CREUSA

The son she bare she cast forth from her halls.

ION

Where is her cast-out child ? Doth he see light ?

CREUSA

None knows. For this I seek the oracle.

ION

But, if he be no more, how perished he ?

CREUSA

Wild beasts, she troweth, slew the hapless babe.

ION

And by what token knew she this had been ?

ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

350 ἐλθούσ' ἴν' αὐτὸν ἐξέθῃσ', οὐχ ἡῦρ' ἔτι.

ΙΩΝ

ἦν δὲ σταλαγμὸς ἐν στίβῳ τις αἵματος ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐ φησι· καίτοι πόλλ' ἐπεστράφη πέδον.

ΙΩΝ

χρόνος δὲ τίς τῷ παιδὶ διαπεπραγμένῳ ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

σοὶ ταῦτ' ἤβης, εἴπερ ἦν, εἶχ' ἂν μέτρον.

ΙΩΝ

οὐκ οὐν ἔτ' ἄλλον ὕστερον τίκτει γόνον ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἀδικεῖ νιν ὁ θεός· οὐ τεκοῦσα δ' ἀθλία.

ΙΩΝ

τί δ', εἰ λάθρα νιν Φοῖβος ἐκτρέφει λαβών ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τὰ κοινὰ χαίρων οὐ δίκαια δρᾷ μόνος.

ΙΩΝ

οἴμοι· προσφδὸς ἢ τύχη τῷ μῶ πάθει.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

360 καὶ σ', ὦ ξέν', οἶμαι μητέρ' ἀθλίαν ποθεῖν.

ΙΩΝ

καὶ μή γ' ἐπ' οἰκτόν μ' ἔξαγ' οὐ λελήσμεθα.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

σιγῷ· πέραινε δ' ὦν σ' ἀνιστορῷ πέρι.

ΙΩΝ

οἶσθ' οὖν ὃ κάμνει τοῦ λόγου μάλιστά σοι ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τί δ' οὐκ ἐκείνη τῇ ταλαιπώρῳ νοσεῖ ;

ΙΩΝ

πῶς ὁ θεὸς ὃ λαθεῖν βούλεται μαντεύσεται ;

ION

CREUSA

She came where she had left him, and found not. 350

ION

And blood-gouts—were there any on the track ?

CREUSA

Nay, saith she : yet she traversed oft the ground.

ION

How long the time since this child's taking-off ?

CREUSA

Living, he had had the measure of thy years.

ION

And hath she borne no offspring after this ?

CREUSA

Still the God wrongs her : childless grief is hers.

ION

What if in secret Phoebus fostereth him ?

CREUSA

Unjust!—alone to enjoy what he should share.

ION

Ah me ! her heart-strings are attuned to mine !

CREUSA

For thee yearns some sad mother too, I ween. 360

ION

Ah, wake not thou mine half-forgotten grief.

CREUSA

I am dumb : whereof I question thee, say on.

ION

Seest thou where lies the weakness of thy plea ?

CREUSA

Ah, hapless one, wherein is she not weak !

ION

How should the God reveal that he would hide ?

ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

εἵπερ καθίζει τρίποδα κοινὸν Ἑλλάδος.

ΙΩΝ

αἰσχύνεται τὸ πρᾶγμα· μὴ 'ξέλεγχέ νιν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἀλγύνεται δέ γ' ἡ παθοῦσα τῇ τύχῃ.

ΙΩΝ

370 οὐκ ἔστιν ὅστις σοι προφητεύσει τάδε.
 ἐν τοῖς γὰρ αὐτοῦ δώμασιν κακὸς φανεῖς
 Φοῖβος δικαίως τὸν θεμιστεύοντά σοι
 δράσειεν ἂν τι πῆμ'· ἀπαλλάσσουν, γύναι·
 τῷ γὰρ θεῷ τᾶναντί· οὐ μαντευτέον.
 εἰς γὰρ τοσοῦτον ἀμαθίας ἔλθοιμεν ἂν,
 εἰ τοὺς θεοὺς ἄκοντας ἐκπονήσομεν·
 φράζειν ἂ μὴ θέλουσιν ἢ προβωμίῳις
 σφαγαῖσι μῆλων ἢ δι' οἰωνῶν πτεροῖς.
 ἂν γὰρ βία σπεύδωμεν ἀκόντων θεῶν,
 ἀνόνητα¹ κεκτῆμεσθα τὰγάθ', ὦ γύναι·
 380 ἂ δ' ἂν διδῶσ' ἐκόντες, ὠφελούμεθα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πολλαί γε πολλοῖς εἰσι συμφοραὶ βροτῶν,
 μορφαὶ δὲ διαφέρουσιν. ἐν δ' ἂν εὐτυχὲς
 μόλις ποτ' ἐξεύροι τις ἀνθρώπων βίῃ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὦ Φοῖβε, κακεὶ κἀνθάδ' οὐ δίκαιος εἰ
 εἰς τὴν ἀποῦσαν, ἧς πάρεισιν οἱ λόγοι.
 σὺ δ' οὔτ' ἔσωσας τὸν σὸν δν σῶσαί σ' ἐχρῆν,
 οὔθ' ἱστορούσῃ μητρὶ μάντις ὦν ἐρεῖς,
 ὥς εἰ μὲν οὐκέτ' ἔστιν, ὀγκωθῇ τάφῳ,
 εἰ δ' ἔστιν, ἔλθῃ μητρὸς εἰς ὄψιν ποτέ.

¹ Stephens: for MSS. ἄκοντα,

ION

CREUSA

How not?—his is the nation's oracle.

ION

His shame the deed is. Question not of him.

CREUSA

O yea, the sufferer in her lot may pine !

ION

There's none will ask the God of this for thee.

For, in his own halls were he villain proved, 370

Vengeance on him who brought thee that response

Would Phoebus justly wreak. Ah lady, go :

We must not seek his shrine to flout the God.

For lo, what height of folly should we reach

If in the Gods' despite we wrest their will,

By sacrifice of sheep on altars, or

By flight of birds, to tell what they would veil.

Could we of force wring aught from Gods full loth,

Profitless blessings, lady, should we grasp ;

But what they give free-willed are boons indeed. 380

CHORUS

Strange chances many on many mortals fall,

And manifold their forms. Ye scarce shall find

One happy lot in all the life of men.

CREUSA

O Phoebus, there and here unjust art thou

Unto the absent one whose plea is here.

Thou shouldst have saved thine own, yet didst not
save ;

Nor heeds the Seer the mother's questioning,

That, if her babe live not, his tomb may rise,

Or, if he live, that she may see his face.

390 ἄλλ' οὖν, ἔαν γὰρ χρῇ¹ τάδ', εἰ πρὸς τοῦ θεοῦ
 κωλυόμεσθα μὴ μαθεῖν ἃ βούλομαι.
 ἀλλ', ὦ ξέν', εἰσορῶ γὰρ εὐγενῇ πόσιν
 Ξοῦθον πέλας δὴ τόνδε, τὰς Τροφωνίου
 λιπόντα θαλάμας, τοὺς λελεγμένους λόγους
 σίγα πρὸς ἄνδρα, μὴ τιν' αἰσχύνῃν λάβω
 διακονοῦσα κρυπτά, καὶ προβῇ λόγος
 οὐχ ἥπερ ἡμεῖς αὐτὸν ἐξειλίσσομεν.
 τὰ γὰρ γυναικῶν δυσχερὴ πρὸς ἄρσενας,
 400 καὶ ταῖς κακαῖσιν ἀγαθαὶ μεμιγμέναι
 μισούμεθ'. οὕτω δυστυχεῖς πεφύκαμεν.

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

πρῶτον μὲν ὁ θεὸς τῶν ἐμῶν προσφθεγμάτων
 λαβὼν ἀπαρχὰς χαιρέτω, σύ τ', ὦ γύναι.
 μῶν χρόνιος ἐλθὼν σ' ἐξέπληξ' ὀρρωδία ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐδέν γ'· ἀφίκου δ' εἰς μέριμναν. ἀλλὰ μοι
 λέξον, τί θέσπισμ' ἐκ Τροφωνίου φέρεις,
 παίδων ὅπως νῶν σπέρμα συγκραθήσεται ;

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

οὐκ ἤξιωσε τοῦ θεοῦ προλαμβάνειν
 μαντεύμαθ'. ἐν δ' οὖν εἶπεν· οὐκ ἄπαιδά με
 πρὸς οἶκον ἥξειν οὐδὲ σ' ἐκ χρηστηρίων.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

410 ὦ πότνια Φοῖβον μῆτερ, εἰ γὰρ αἰσίως
 ἔλθοιμεν, ἃ τε νῶν συμβόλαια πρόσθεν ἦν
 εἰς παῖδα τὸν σόν, μεταπέσοι βελτίονα.

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

ἔσται τάδ'· ἀλλὰ τίς προφητεύει θεοῦ ;

¹ Reiske : for MSS, ἀλλ' ἔαν χρῇ;

ION

Yet must I let this be, if by the God 390
 I am barred from learning that which I desire.
 But, stranger,—for I see my princely lord,
 Xuthus, anigh us yonder, who hath left
 Trophonius' crypt,—of this that we have said
 Speak to my lord naught, lest I get me shame
 For handling secrets, and the tale fall out
 Not after our unravelling thereof.
 For woman's lot as touching men is hard ;
 And, since the good are with the bad confused,
 Hated we are :—ill-starred we are from birth. 400
Enter XUTHUS.

XUTHUS

First, to the God the firstfruits of my greetings :
 All hail to him, and hail to thee, my wife.
 Hath my late-lingering thrilled thee with dismay ?

CREUSA

Nay, 'tis but care that meets thee. Tell to me
 What answer from Trophonius bringest thou,
 How we shall have joint issue, thou and I ?

XUTHUS

He took not on him to forestall the word
 Of Phoebus. This he said—nor thou nor I
 Childless shall wend home from the oracle.

CREUSA

Queen, Phoebus' mother, grant our home-return 410
 Prosperous : all our dealings heretofore
 Touching thy son, to happier issue fall !

XUTHUS

This shall be, Who is His interpreter ?

ΙΩΝ

ΙΩΝ

ἡμεῖς τά γ' ἔξω, τῶν ἔσω δ' ἄλλοις μέλει,
οἷ πλησίον θάσσουσι τρίποδος, ὧ ξέने,
Δελφῶν ἀριστῆς, οὓς ἐκλήρωσεν πάλος.

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

καλῶς· ἔχω δὴ πάνθ' ὅσων ἐχρήζομεν.
στείχοιμ' ἂν εἴσω· καὶ γάρ, ὡς ἐγὼ κλύω,
χρηστήριον πέπτωκε τοῖς ἐπήλυσι
420 κοινὸν πρὸ ναοῦ· βούλομαι δ' ἐν ἡμέρᾳ
τῇδ', αἰσία γάρ, θεοῦ λαβεῖν μαντεύματα.
σὺ δ' ἀμφὶ βωμούς, ὧ γύναι, δαφνηφόρους
λαβοῦσα κλῶνας, εὐτέκνους εὐχου θεοῖς
χρησμούς μ' ἐνεγκεῖν ἐξ Ἀπόλλωνος δόμων.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἔσται τάδ', ἔσται. Λοξίας δ' εἰς θέλῃ
νῦν ἀλλὰ τὰς πρὶν ἀναλαβεῖν ἀμαρτίας,
ἅπας μὲν οὐ γένοιτ' ἂν εἰς ἡμᾶς φίλος,
ὅσον δὲ χρήζει, θεὸς γάρ ἐστι, δέξομαι.

ΙΩΝ

τί ποτε λόγοισιν ἢ ξένη πρὸς τὸν θεὸν
430 κρυπτοῖσιν αἰεὶ λοιδοροῦσ' αἰνίσσεται,
ἥτοι φιλοῦσά γ' ἥς ὑπερμαντεύεται,
ἥ καὶ τι σιγῶσ' ὧν σιωπᾶσθαι χρεῶν ;
ἀτὰρ θυγατρὸς τῆς Ἐρεχθέως τί μοι
μέλει ; προσήκει γ' οὐδέν. ἀλλὰ χρυσέαις
πρόχοισιν ἐλθὼν εἰς ἀπορραντήρια
δρόσον καθήσω. νουθετητέος δέ μοι
Φοῖβος, τί πάσχει· παρθένους βία γαμῶν
προδίδωσι, παῖδας ἐκτεκνούμενος λάθρα
θνήσκοντας ἀμελεῖ. μὴ σύ γ'· ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ κρατεῖς,
440 ἀρετὰς δίδωκε. καὶ γὰρ ὅστις ἂν βροτῶν
κακὸς πεφύκη, ζημιοῦσιν οἱ θεοί,

ION

ION

Without, I; others for the things within,
Stranger, which nigh unto the tripod sit,
The Delphian lords, in order of their lot.

XUTHUS

'Tis well : now know I all I sought to know.
I will pass in ; for, as I hear it told,
Before the temple hath been slain for strangers
A general victim. I would fain this day— 420
This day fair-omened—gain the God's response.
Thou to the bay-crowned altars bear the boughs,
My wife, and pray the Gods that I may win
Promise of fair sons from Apollo's fane.

CREUSA

Yea, this shall be. [*Exit XUTHUS to inner Temple.*

If Loxias consent

Now at the last to atone for olden wrongs,
Not wholly will he show himself my friend,
Yet, since he is God, whate'er he grants I take. [*Exit.*

ION

Why doth this stranger rail upon the God
In riddles of dark sayings evermore ? 430
For love of her for whom she seeks the shrine ?
Or keeping back a thing she must not speak ?
Yet with Erechtheus' daughter what have I
To do ? She is naught to me. But I will go
Unto the lavers, with the golden ewers
To pour in water-dews. Yet must I plead
With Phoebus—what ails him ? He ravisheth
Maids, and forsakes ; begetteth babes by stealth,
And heeds not, though they die. Do thou not so !
Being strong, be righteous. For what man soe'er 440
Transgresseth, the Gods visit this on him.

ΙΩΝ

πῶς οὖν δίκαιον τοὺς νόμους ὑμᾶς βροτοῖς
 γράψαντας αὐτοὺς ἀνομίαν ὀφλισκάνειν ;
 εἰ δ'—οὐ γὰρ ἔσται, τῷ λόγῳ δὲ χρήσομαι—
 δίκας βιαίῳν δώσεται ἄνθρωποις γάμων,
 σὺ καὶ Ποσειδῶν Ζεὺς θ' ὃς οὐρανοῦ κρατεῖ,
 ναοὺς τίνοντες ἀδικίας κενώσετε.
 τὰς ἡδονὰς γὰρ τῆς προμηθείας πάρος
 σπεύδοντες ἀδικεῖτ'. οὐκέτ' ἄνθρωπους κακοὺς
 λέγειν δίκαιον, εἰ τὰ τῶν θεῶν καλὰ
 μιμούμεθ', ἀλλὰ τοὺς διδάσκοντας τάδε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σὲ τὰν ὠδίνων λοχιᾶν στρ.
 ἀνειλείθυιαν, ἐμὴν
 Ἀθάναν ἱκετεύω,
 Προμηθεῖ Τιτᾶνι λοχεν-
 θεῖσαν κατ' ἀκροτάτας
 κορυφὰς Διός, ὦ μάκαιρα Νίκα,
 μόλε Πύθιον οἶκον,
 Ὀλύμπου χρυσέων θαλάμων
 460 πταμένα πρὸς ἀγνιάς,
 Φοιβήμιος ἔνθα γᾶς
 μεσσόμφαλος ἐστία
 παρὰ χορευομένῳ τρίποδι
 μαντεύματα κραίνει,
 σὺ καὶ παῖς ἅ Λατογενής,
 δύο θεαὶ δύο παρθένοι,
 κασίγνηται σεμναὶ τοῦ Φοίβου.
 ἱκετεύσατε δ', ὦ κόραι,
 τὸ παλαιὸν Ἑρεχθέως

ION

How were it just then that ye should enact
 For men laws, and yourselves work lawlessness?
 For if—it could not be, yet put it so—
 Ye should pay mulct to men for lawless lust,¹
 Thou, the Sea-king, and Zeus the Lord of Heaven,
 Paying for wrongs should make your temples void.
 For, following pleasure past all wisdom's bounds,
 Ye work unrighteousness. Unjust it were
 To call men vile, if we but imitate 450
 What Gods deem good:—they are vile who teach us
 this. [Exit.]

CHORUS

My Queen, at whose birth-tide was given (Str.)
 Of the Lady of Travail-pang
 No help, hear, Pallas, my prayer,
 Whom the crown of a God's head bare
 By Prometheus the Titan riven
 When the Daughter of Zeus forth sprang;

Come, Victory-queen, to the dwelling
 Pythian, speeding thy wing
 From Olympus' chambers of gold
 To the streets that the World's Heart hold, 460
 Where the bodings of Phoebus are told,—
 Yea, brought to pass in the telling,—
 At the tripod that dances enring.

Draw nigh at mine invocation,
 Thou and Artemis, Virgins twain,
 Phoebus's sisters divine,
 Join your intercessions with mine,
 That Erechtheus' ancient line

¹ The fine for violence to a virgin was, by Solon's laws, a thousand drachmas.

ΙΩΝ

470 γένος εὐτεκνίας χρονίου καθαροῖς
μαντεύμασι κῦρσαι.

ὑπερβαλλούσας γὰρ ἔχει ἀντ.
θνατοῖς εὐδαιμονίας
ἀκίνητον ἀφορμάν,
τέκνων οἷς ἂν καρποτρόφοι
λάμπωσιν ἐν θαλάμοις
πατρίοισι νεάνιδες ἦβαι,
διαδέκτορα πλούτου
ὥς ἔξουντες ἐκ πατέρων
480 ἑτέροις ἐπὶ τέκνοις.
ἀλκά τε γὰρ ἐν κακοῖς
σύν τ' εὐτυχίαις φίλον,
δορί τε γὰρ πατρία φέρει
σωτήριον αἶγλαν.¹
ἐμοὶ μὲν πλούτου τε πάρος
βασιλικῶν τ' εἰεν θαλάμων
τροφαὶ κήδειοι κεδνῶν γε τέκνων.
τὸν ἄπαιδα δ' ἀποστνγῶ
βίον, ᾧ τε δοκεῖ ψέγω·
490 μετὰ δὲ κτεάνων μετρίων βιοτᾶς
εὐπαιδος ἐχοίμαν.

ὦ Πανὸς θακήματα καὶ ἐπ'ωδ.
παραυλίζουσα πέτρα
μυχώδεσι Μακραῖς,
ἵνα χοροὺς στείβουσι ποδοῖν
'Αγραύλου κόραι τρίγονοι
στάδια χλοερὰ πρὸ Παλλάδος

¹ Herwerden : for MSS. ἀλκάν.

ION

Through the light of a clear revelation
Fair offspring at last may attain. 470

'Tis a treasure whose seals are unbroken, (Ant.)
'Tis a joy that surpasseth the lot
Of the many, when stalwart and tall
Shines fair in a father's hall
The presence of sons, to betoken
A line that shall perish not ;

Sons, that, when death bringeth severance,
Shall receive to pass on to their seed
The wealth that their sires' hands hold : 480
Yea, by these be our sorrows consoled,
And a joy within joy they enfold,
And their spear flasheth light of deliverance
In the hour of the fatherland's need.

Ah, far above golden treasure
Or than princely halls do I praise
Dear children to cherish—mine own !
Mine horror were life all lone :
Who loveth it, wit hath he none :
But give to me substance in measure, 490
And children to brighten my days !

O haunts of Pan's abiding, (Epode)
O sentinel rock down-gazing
On the Long-cliff caves dim-glimmering,
Where, with shadowy feet in the dance soft-sliding,
Agraulus' daughters three go pacing
O'er the lawns by Athena's fane dew-shim-
mering

ΙΩΝ

ναῶν, συρίγγων
 ὑπ' αἰόλας ἰαχᾶς
 500 ὕμνων, ὅτ' ἀναλίοις
 συρίζεις, ὦ Πάν,
 τοῖσι σοῖς ἐν ἄντροις,
 ἵνα τεκοῦσά τις
 παρθένος, ὦ μελέα, βρέφος
 Φοίβῳ, πτανοῖς ἐξώρισε θοῖναν
 θηρσί τε φοινίαν δαῖτα, πικρῶν γάμων
 ὕβριν. οὐτ' ἐπὶ κερκίσιν οὔτε λόγοις
 φάτιν αἶον εὐτυχίας μετέχειν
 θεόθεν τέκνα θνατοῖς.

ΙΩΝ

510 πρόσπολοι γυναῖκες, αἱ τῶνδ' ἀμφὶ κρηπίδας
 δόμων
 θυοδόκων φρούρημ' ἔχουσαι δεσπότην φυλάσσετε,
 ἐκλέλοιπ' ἤδη τὸν ἱερὸν τρίποδα καὶ χρηστήριον
 Ξοῦθος, ἣ μίμνει κατ' οἶκον ἱστορῶν ἀπαιδίαν ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐν δόμοις ἔστ', ὦ ξέν'. οὐπω δῶμ' ὑπερβαίνει
 τόδε.
 ὥς δ' ἐπ' ἐξόδοισιν ὄντος τῶνδ' ἀκούομεν πυλῶν
 δοῦπον, ἐξιόντα τ' ἤδη δεσπότην ὀρᾶν πάρα.

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

ὦ τέκνον, χαῖρ'· ἡ γὰρ ἀρχὴ τοῦ λόγου πρέπουσά
 μοι.

ΙΩΝ

χαίρομεν· σὺ δ' εὖ φρόνει γε, καὶ δὴ ὄντ' εἰ
 πράξομεν.

ION†

In moonlight, while upward floats
 A weird strain rising and falling,
 Wild witchery-wafting notes, 500
 O Pan, from thy pipes that are calling
 Out of thy sunless grots !¹

Ah, a maid-mother there most woe-forlorn
 Cast Phoebus's child for a banquet gory—
 Bitter outrage's fruit!—by the birds to be torn
 And the beasts. Nor in woven web nor in story
 Ever heard I of happiness blent with the glory
 Of Gods' seed woman-born.

Enter ION.

ION

Bower-maidens, ye which keeping watch the altar- 510
 steps beside [forth abide,
 Of the incense-clouded fane, your master's coming-
 Say, hath Xuthus left by this the holy tripod and
 the shrine, [childless line?
 Or within yet lingering asks he touching that long-

CHORUS

In the temple is he, stranger, treads not yet the
 threshold-stone.
 List, a sound at yonder portal—through the porch-
 way passeth one:— [for eyes to see.
 Lo, where now he cometh forth—our master, plain
Enter XUTHUS: attempts to embrace ION.

XUTHUS

Joy to thee, son!—fitting prelude this is of my
 speech to thee.

ION

Joy is mine : but thou, control thee ; then were twain
 in happy case.

¹ The daughters of Agrauius (cf. ll. 22-24, 271-4) haunted after death the scene of their suicide.

ΙΩΝ

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

δὸς χερὸς φίλημά μοι σῆς σώματός τ' ἀμφι-
τυχάς.

ΙΩΝ

520 εὖ φρονεῖς μὲν ; ἢ σ' ἔμνηε θεοῦ τις, ὦ ξέने,
βλάβη ;

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

σωφρονῶ, τὰ φίλταθ' εὐρὼν εἰ φιλεῖν ἐφίεμαι.

ΙΩΝ

παῦε· μὴ ψάσας τὰ τοῦ θεοῦ στέμματα ῥήξης
χερί.

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

ἄψομαι· κοῦ ῥυσιάζω, τὰμὰ δ' εὐρίσκω φίλα.

ΙΩΝ

οὐκ ἀπαλλάξει, πρὶν εἴσω τόξα πλευμόνων λαβεῖν ;

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

ὥς τί δὴ φεύγεις με σαυτοῦ γνωρίσας τὰ φίλτατα ;

ΙΩΝ

οὐ φιλῶ φρενοῦν ἀμούσους καὶ μεμνηότας ξένους.

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

κτεῖνε καὶ πίμπρη· πατρὸς γάρ, ἣν κτάνης, ἔσει
φονεύς.

ΙΩΝ

ποῦ δέ μοι πατήρ σύ ; ταῦτ' οὖν οὐ γέλως κλύειν
ἐμοί ;

ION

XUTHUS

Let me kiss thine hand, and let me fold thy form in mine embrace !

ION

Stranger, hast thy wits?—or is thy mind distraught by stroke of heaven? 520

XUTHUS

Right my wit is, if I long to kiss my best-beloved regiven.

ION

Hold—hands off!—the temple-garlands of Apollo rend not thou !

XUTHUS

Clasp thee will I!—no man-stealer ; but I find my darling now.

ION (*starting back, and fitting an arrow to his bow*).

Wilt not hence, or ever thou receive my shaft thy ribs within ?

XUTHUS

Wherefore dost thou flee me, who hast learnt to know thy nearest kin ?

ION

Naught I love to admonish aliens mannerless and sense-bereft.

XUTHUS

Slay—then burn me ;¹ for a father's heart thine arrow shall have cleft.

ION

Thou my father ! Is not this a laughter-scoff for me to hear ?

¹ It being the sacred duty of the son to lay the father's corpse upon the pyre.

ΙΩΝ

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

οὐ· τρέχων ὁ μῦθος ἄν σοι τὰμὰ σημῆνειεν ἄν.

ΙΩΝ

καὶ τί μοι λέξεις ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

530 πατὴρ σός εἰμι καὶ σὺ παῖς ἐμός.

ΙΩΝ

τίς λέγει τὰδ' ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

ὅς σ' ἔθρεψεν ὄντα Λοξίας ἐμόν.

ΙΩΝ

μαρτυρεῖς σαυτῷ.

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

τὰ τοῦ θεοῦ γ' ἐκμαθὼν χρηστηρια.

ΙΩΝ

ἐσφάλης αἶνυγμ' ἀκούσας.

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

οὐκ ἄρ' ὄρθ' ἀκούομεν.

ΙΩΝ

ὁ δὲ λόγος τίς ἐστι Φοίβου ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

τὸν συναντήσαντά μοι—

ΙΩΝ

τίνα συνάντησιν ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

δόμων τῶνδ' ἐξιόντι τοῦ θεοῦ—

ΙΩΝ

συμφορᾶς τίνος κυρῆσαι ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

παῖδ' ἐμόν πεφυκέναι.

ΙΩΝ

σὸν γεγῶτ', ἢ δῶρον ἄλλων ;

• ION

XUTHUS

Nay, the eager-hurrying word shall show thee all my
meaning clear.

ION

Ay, and what wilt tell?

XUTHUS

Thy father am I, and thou art my son. 530

ION

Who the voucher?

XUTHUS

Loxias, who reared the child that I have won.

ION

Thou art thine own witness.

XUTHUS

Nay, the God's own oracle I heard.

ION.

Heardest riddles and misreadest.

XUTHUS

Then mine ears can hear no word.

ION

What was this, the word of Phoebus?

XUTHUS

That the man who met my face—

ION

Met thee—met thee?

XUTHUS

As I came from out Apollo's holy place—

ION

Ay, and what should be his fate?

XUTHUS

My true-begotten son is this.

ION

Born thy son, or given of others?

ΙΩΝ

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

δώρον, ὄντα δ' ἐξ ἐμοῦ.

ΙΩΝ

πρῶτα δῆτ' ἐμοὶ ξυνάπτεις πόδα σόν ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

οὐκ ἄλλῳ, τέκνον.

ΙΩΝ

ἢ τύχη πόθεν ποθ' ἦκει ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

δύο μίαν θαυμάζομεν.

ΙΩΝ

ἔα. τίνος δέ σοι πεφυκα μητρός ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

540

οὐκ ἔχω φράσαι.

ΙΩΝ

οὐδὲ Φοῖβος εἶπε ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

τερφθεῖς τοῦτο, κεῖν' οὐκ ἠρόμην.

ΙΩΝ

γῆς ἄρ' ἐκπέφυκα μητρός ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

οὐ πέδον τίκτει τέκνα.

ΙΩΝ

πῶς ἂν οὖν εἶην σός ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

οὐκ οἶδ', ἀναφέρω δ' εἰς τὸν θεόν.

ΙΩΝ

φέρε λόγων ἀψώμεθ' ἄλλων.

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

ταῦτ' ἄμεινον, ὦ τέκνον.

ΙΩΝ

ἦλθες εἰς νόθον τι λέκτρον ;

ION

XUTHUS

Given—and born from me he is.

ION

So on me thy foot first stumbled?

XUTHUS

Yea, my son, on none beside.

ION

Ay, and whence this happy chance?

XUTHUS

We marvel both it should betide.

ION

Ha, what mother bare me to thee?

XUTHUS

Sooth, thereof can I say naught. 540

ION

Neither Phoebus told?

XUTHUS

For joy of this thing, that I never sought.

ION

Ah, a child of mother Earth!

XUTHUS

Nay, children spring not from the sod.

ION

How then thine am I?

XUTHUS

I know not: I refer it to the God.

ION

Come, to reasonings rather turn we.

XUTHUS

Better so, my son, in sooth.

ION

Hadst thou ever part in lawless love?

ΙΩΝ

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

μωρία γε τοῦ νέου.

ΙΩΝ

πρὶν κόρην λαβεῖν Ἐρεχθέως ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

οὐ γὰρ ὕστερόν γε πω.

ΙΩΝ

ἄρα δῆτ' ἐκεῖ μ' ἔφυσας ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

τῷ χρόνῳ γε συντρέχει.

ΙΩΝ

καῖτα πῶς ἀφικόμεσθα δεῦρο,

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

ταῦτ' ἀμνηχανῶ.

ΙΩΝ

διὰ μακρᾶς ἐλθὼν κελεύθου ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

τοῦτο κάμ' ἀπαιολᾷ.

ΙΩΝ

Πυθίαν δ' ἦλθες πέτραν πρίν ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

550

εἰς φανὰς γε Βακχίου.

ΙΩΝ

προξένων δ' ἔν του κατέσχες ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

ὅς με Δελφίσιν κόραις —

ΙΩΝ

ἐθιάσευσ', ἢ πῶς τάδ' αὐδᾶς ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

Μαινάσιν γε Βακχίου.

ΙΩΝ

ἔμφρον' ἢ κάτουνον ὄντα ;

58

ION

XUTHUS

Mid follies of my youth.

ION

Ere Erechtheus' daughter wed thee?

XUTHUS

Since, to her have I been true.

ION

Haply then didst thou beget me?

XUTHUS

Time is consonant thereto.

ION

Were it so, how came I hither?

XUTHUS

Nay, I cannot fathom it.

ION

Long the journey for a babe!

XUTHUS

This too o'erpasseth all my wit.

ION

Hast thou seen ere this the Pythian Rock?

XUTHUS

At Bacchus' festal rite. 550

ION

Lodging with a Public Host?

XUTHUS

Yea; and with Delphian girls by night—

ION

Made initiate—this thy meaning?

XUTHUS

They were maidens Bacchanal.

ION

Sober, or of wine o'ercome?

ΙΩΝ

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

Βακχίου πρὸς ἡδοναῖς.

ΙΩΝ

τοῦτ' ἐκεῖν' ἔν' ἐσπάρημεν.

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

ὁ πότμος ἐξηῦρεν, τέκνον.

ΙΩΝ

πῶς δ' ἀφικόμεσθα ναούς;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

ἔκβολον κόρης ἴσως.

ΙΩΝ

ἐκπεφεύγαμεν τὸ δοῦλον.

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

πατέρα νυν δέχου, τέκνον.

ΙΩΝ

τῇ θεῇ γοῦν οὐκ ἀπιστεῖν εἰκός.

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

εὖ φρονεῖς ἄρα.

ΙΩΝ

καὶ τί βουλόμεσθά γ' ἄλλο—

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

νῦν ὁρᾷς ἂν χρή σ' ὁρᾶν.

ΙΩΝ

ἢ Διὸς παιδὸς γενέσθαι παῖς;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

ὃ σοί γε γίγνεται.

ΙΩΝ

ἢ θίγω δῆθ' οἷ μ' ἔφυσαν;

ION

XUTHUS
Of Bacchus' joys did this befall.

ION
This is my begetting's story!

XUTHUS
Fate, my son, hath found it out.

ION
Yet, how came I to the fane?

XUTHUS
The maiden cast thee forth, I doubt.

ION
So, I 'scape the taint of serfdom.¹

XUTHUS
Son, thy father now receive.

ION
'Tis the God : I may not doubt him.

XUTHUS
Yea, 'tis wisdom to believe.

ION
What thing higher can I wish for—

XUTHUS
Now thou seest clear and true

ION
Than the fatherhood of Zeus?

XUTHUS
O yea, by birth is this thy due.²

ION
Shall I clasp him, my begetter?

¹ Only free-born Delphian women could take part in the "Orgies."

² Xuthus being descended from Zeus.

ΙΩΝ

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

560

πιθόμενός γε τῷ θεῷ.

ΙΩΝ

χαῖρέ μοι, πάτερ,

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

φίλον γε φθέγμ' ἔδεξάμην τόδε.

ΙΩΝ

ἡμέρα θ' ἡ νῦν παρούσα.

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

μακάριόν γ' ἔθηκε με.

ΙΩΝ

ὦ φίλη μήτηρ, πότ' ἄρα καὶ σὸν ὄψομαι δέμας;
νῦν ποθῶ σε μᾶλλον ἢ πρὶν ἥτις εἴ ποτ' εἰσιδεῖν.
ἀλλ' ἴσως τέθνηκας, ἡμεῖς δ' οὐδὲν ἂν δυναίμεθα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κοινὰ μὲν ἡμῖν δωμάτων εὐπραξίαι·
ὅμως δὲ καὶ δέσποιναν εἰς τέκν' εὐτυχεῖν
ἐβουλόμην ἂν τοὺς τ' Ἐρεχθέως δόμους.

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

ὦ τέκνον, εἰς μὲν σὴν ἀνεύρεσιν θεὸς
570 ὀρθῶς ἔκρανε, καὶ συνῆψ' ἐμοί τε σέ,
σύ τ' αὖ τὰ φίλταθ' ἠῦρες οὐκ εἰδὼς πάρος.
ὃ δ' ἦξας ὀρθῶς, τοῦτο καὶ ἔχει πόθος,
ὅπως σύ τ', ὦ παῖ, μητέρ' εὐρήσεις σέθεν,
ἐγὼ θ' ὅποίας μοι γυναικὸς ἐξέφυς.
χρόνῳ δὲ δόντες ταῦτ' ἴσως εὕροίμεν ἄν.
ἀλλ' ἐκλιπὼν θεοῦ δάπεδ' ἀλητείαν τε σὴν
εἰς τὰς Ἀθήνας στείχε κοινόφρων πατρί,
οὗ σ' ὄλβιον μὲν σκῆπτρον ἀναμένει πατρός,
πολὺς δὲ πλοῦτος· οὐδὲ θάτερον νοσῶν
580 δυοῖν κεκλήσει δυσγενὴς πένης θ' ἅμα,
ἀλλ' εὐγενὴς τε καὶ πολυκτῆμων βίου.

62

ION

XUTHUS

If with Phoebus thou comply. 560

ION

Hail to thee, my father !

XUTHUS

Joyfully I welcome this thy cry.

ION

Hail the day that sees our meeting !

XUTHUS

Happy man it maketh me.

ION

Ah, belovèd mother, when thy visage also shall I see ?
More than ever now I long to see thee, who thou
be soe'er. [should be my prayer.
Ah, but thou perchance art dead, and all in vain

CHORUS

Ours too the house's happy fortune is :
Yet fain were I our queen were also blest
With offspring, and Erechtheus' ancient line.

XUTHUS

My son, as touching thy discovery
The God spake sooth, and so joined thee and me. 570
Thou hast found thy dearest, erst to thee unknown.
For thy just yearning, this is also mine,
That thou mayst find thy mother, O my son,
And I, the woman of whose womb thou art.
This shall we find forth haply, left to time.
Now, leave the God's floor, and thine homeless state :
To Athens come, with thine heart even as mine.
There waiteth thee thy father's sceptred bliss,
And much wealth. None shall cast into thy teeth
One of these taunts, base birth or poverty. 580
High-born art thou, a mighty man of wealth.

ΙΩΝ

σιγᾶς ; τί πρὸς γῆν ὄμμα σὸν βαλὼν ἔχεις
εἰς φροντίδας τ' ἀπῆλθες, ἐκ δὲ χαρμονῆς
πάλιν μεταστὰς δεῖμα προσβάλλεις πατρί ;

ΙΩΝ

οὐ ταῦτ' οὖν εἶδος φαίνεται τῶν πραγμάτων
πρόσωθεν ὄντων ἐγγύθεν θ' ὁρωμένων.
ἐγὼ δὲ τὴν μὲν συμφορὰν ἀσπάζομαι,
πατέρα σ' ἀνευρών· ὦν δὲ γιγνώσκω πέρα
ἄκουσον. εἶναί φασι τὰς αὐτόχθονας
590 κλεινὰς Ἀθήνας οὐκ ἐπέισακτον γένος,
ἔν' εἰσπεσοῦμαι δύο νόσω κεκτημένος,
πατρός τ' ἐπακτοῦ καὐτὸς ὦν νοθαγενής.
καὶ τοῦτ' ἔχων τοῦνιδος, ἀσθενὴς μὲν ὦν,
[ὁ μὴδὲν ὦν καξ']¹ οὐδένων κεκλήσομαι·
ἣν δ' εἰς τὸ πρῶτον πόλεος ὀρμηθεὶς ζυγὸν
ζητῶ τις εἶναι, τῶν μὲν ἀδυνάτων ὑπο
μισησόμεσθα· λυπρὰ γὰρ τὰ κρείσσονα·
ὅσοι δὲ χρηστοὶ δυνάμενοί τ' εἶναι σοφοὶ
600 σιγῶσι καὶ σπεύδουσιν εἰς τὰ πράγματα,
γέλῳτ' ἐν αὐτοῖς μωρίαν τε λήψομαι
οὐχ ἡσυχάζων ἐν πόλει ψόγου πλέα.
τῶν δ' αὖ δοκούντων² χρωμένων τε τῇ πόλει
εἰς ἀξίωμα βὰς πλεόν φρουρήσομαι
ψήφοισιν· οὕτω γὰρ τάδ', ὦ πάτερ, φιλεῖ·
οἱ τὰς πόλεις ἔχοντες καξιώματα
τοῖς ἀνθαμίλλοις εἰσὶ πολεμιώτατοι.
ἐλθὼν δ' ἐς οἶκον ἀλλότριον ἔπηλυσ ὦν
γυναῖκά θ' ὥς ἄτεκνον, ἡ κοινουμένη
τὰς συμφοράς σοι πρόσθεν, ἀπολαχοῦσα νῦν
610 αὐτὴ καθ' αὐτὴν τὴν τύχην οἴσει πικρῶς,

¹ Scaliger and Valckenaer : lacuna in MSS.

² Wecklein : for MSS. λογίων

ION

Silent?—Now wherefore earthward droops thine eye,
And thou art deep in thought, and from thy joy
Art changed, and strikest dread into thy sire?

ION

The face of things appeareth not the same
Far off, and when we scan them nigh at hand.
So do I greet with gladness this my lot
Who find a sire: howbeit hear what burden
Weighs on my soul. The glorious earth-born state,
Athens, men say, hath naught of alien strain. 590
I shall thrust in, stained with a twofold taint—
An outland father, and my bastard self,
And, bearing this reproach, nor strong in friends,
“Nobody” shall be called—“Nobody’s Son.”
Then, if I press to Athens’ highest ranks,
And seek a name, of dullards shall I win
Hatred; for jealousy ever dogs success.
Good men, whose wisdom well could helm the state,
Who yet hang back, who never speak in public,
To them shall I be laughing-stock and fool,
Who, in a town censorious, go not softly. 600
And statesmen who have made their mark, mid
whom
I seek repute, will hedge me in, and check
By the assembly’s votes. ’Tis ever so;
They which sway nations, and have won repute,
To young ambitions are the bitterest foes.

Then, coming to a strange house, alien I,
And to a childless lady, who hath shared
With thee her sorrow heretofore, but now
Shall bear in bitterness her reproach alone, 610

πῶς δ' οὐχ ὑπ' αὐτῆς εἰκότως μισήσομαι,
 ὅταν παραστῶ σοὶ μὲν ἐγγύθεν ποδός,
 ἢ δ' οὐσ' ἄτεκνος τὰ σὰ φίλ' εἰσορᾷ πικρῶς ;
 κατ' ἢ προδοὺς σύ μ' ἐς δάμαρτα σὴν βλέπης,
 ἢ τὰμὰ τιμῶν δῶμα συγχέας ἔχης ;
 ὅσας σφαγὰς δὴ φαρμάκων τε θανασίμων
 γυναῖκες εὖρον ἀνδράσιν διαφθοράς.
 ἄλλως τε τὴν σὴν ἄλοχον οἰκτεῖρω, πάτερ.
 ἄπαιδα γηράσκουσιν· οὐ γὰρ ἀξία
 620 πατέρων ἀπ' ἐσθλῶν οὐσ' ἀπαιδίᾳ νοσεῖν.
 τυραννίδος δὲ τῆς μάτην αἰνουμένης
 τὸ μὲν πρόσωπον ἡδύ, τὰν δόμοισι δὲ
 λυπηρά· τίς γὰρ μακάριος, τίς εὐτυχής,
 ὅστις δεδοικῶς καὶ παραβλέπων βίου
 αἰῶνα τείνει ; δημότης ἂν εὐτυχής
 ζῆν ἂν θέλοιμι μᾶλλον ἢ τύραννος ὢν,
 ᾧ τοὺς πονηροὺς ἡδονὴ φίλους ἔχειν,
 ἐσθλοὺς δὲ μισεῖ κατθανεῖν φοβούμενος.
 εἴποις ἂν ὥς ὁ χρυσὸς ἐκνικᾷ τάδε,
 630 πλουτεῖν τε τερπνόν· οὐ φιλῶ ψόγους κλύειν
 ἐν χερσὶ σφύζων ὄλβον οὐδ' ἔχειν πόνους·
 εἴη δ' ἔμοιγε μέτρια μὴ λυπουμένῳ.
 ἂ δ' ἐνθάδ' εἶχον ἀγάθ' ἄκουσόν μου, πάτερ·
 τὴν φιλτάτην μὲν πρῶτον ἀνθρώποις σχολήν,
 ὄχλον τε μέτριον, οὐδέ μ' ἐξέπληξ' ὁδοῦ
 πονηρὸς οὐδεῖς· κείνο δ' οὐκ ἀνασχετόν,
 εἵκειν ὁδοῦ χαλῶντα τοῖς κακίοισιν.
 θεῶν δ' ἐν εὐχαῖς ἢ λόγοισιν ἢ βροτῶν,
 ὑπηρετῶν χαίρουσιν, οὐ γοωμένοις.
 640 καὶ τοὺς μὲν ἐξέπεμπον, οἱ δ' ἤκου ξένοι,
 ὥσθ' ἡδὺς αἰὲ καινὸς ὢν καινοῖσιν ἦ.
 ὃ δ' εὐκτὸν ἀνθρώποισι, κἂν ἄκουσιν ἦ,

ION

How shall I not, with reason, have her hate,
 When by thy knee I stand, she on thy love
 Looketh with bitter eyes of childlessness,—
 When thou must cast me off and cleave to her,
 Or honour me, and wreck thine household's peace?
 How oft the dagger and the deadly bowl
 Have women found to slay their lords withal!
 Nay, father, more—I pity this thy wife
 Who grows grey childless. 'Tis not worthy her,
 Sprung from proud sires—this curse of childlessness. 620

And sovranly, so oft, so falsely praised,
 Winsome its face is, but behind the veil
 Is torment. Who is happy, fortunate who,
 That, fearing violence, glancing aye askance,
 Weareth out life? Nay, rather would I live
 Happy-obscure, than be exalted prince,—
 One who must joy to have for friends the vile,
 Who hates the good, and ever dreads to die.
 “Ah,” thou wilt say, “gold overbears all this,
 And wealth is sweet.” Would I clutch lucre—
 groan 630

Under its load, with curses in mine ears?
 Nay, wealth for me in measure, sorrowless.

But, father, hear what blessings here were mine:—
 First, leisure, dearest of delights to men:
 Friendly the folk; no villain jostleth me
 Out of the path: it galls the very soul
 To yield the pass, and vail to baser men.
 My life was prayer to Gods, converse with men,
 Ministrant unto joy and not to grief,
 Welcoming coming, speeding parting guests, 640
 A new face smiling still on faces new.
 And that which men, though loth, must ask in prayer,

ΙΩΝ

δίκαιον εἶναι μ' ὁ νόμος ἢ φύσις θ' ἅμα
 παρείχε τῷ θεῷ. ταῦτα συννοοῦμενος
 κρείσσω νομίζω τάνθ' ἢ τὰ κεῖ, πάτερ.
 ἔα δ' ἐμαυτῷ ζῆν· ἴση γὰρ ἢ χάρις,
 μεγάλοισι χαίρειν σμικρά θ' ἠδέως ἔχειν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καλῶς ἔλεξας, εἶπερ οὖς ἐγὼ φιλῶ
 ἐν τοῖσι σοῖσιν εὐτυχήσουσιν λόγοις.

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

650 παῦσαι λόγων τῶνδ', εὐτυχεῖν δ' ἐπίστασο·
 θέλω γὰρ οὐπὲρ σ' ἡὔρον ἄρξασθαι, τέκνον,
 κοινῆς τραπέζης δαῖτα πρὸς κοινὴν πεσών,
 θῦσαι θ' ἅ σου πρὶν γενέθλι' οὐκ ἐθύσαμεν.
 καὶ νῦν μὲν ὥς δὴ ξένον ἄγων σ' ἐφέστιον
 δείπνοισι τέρψω· τῆς δ' Ἀθηναίων χθονὸς
 ἄξω θεατὴν δῆθεν, ὥς οὐκ ὄντ' ἐμόν.
 καὶ γὰρ γυναῖκα τὴν ἐμὴν οὐ βούλομαι
 λυπεῖν ἄτεκνον οὔσαν αὐτὸς εὐτυχῶν.
 660 χρόνῳ δὲ καιρὸν λαμβάνων προσάξομαι
 δάμαρτ' ἔαν σε σκῆπτρα τᾶμ' ἔχειν χθονός.
 Ἴωνα δ' ὀνομάζω σε τῇ τύχῃ πρέπον,
 ὀθούνεκ' ἀδύτων ἐξιόντι μοι θεοῦ
 ἶχνος συνήψας πρῶτος. ἀλλὰ τῶν φίλων
 πλήρωμ' ἀθροίσας βουθύτῳ σὺν ἡδονῇ
 πρόσσειπε, μέλλων Δελφίδ' ἐκλιπεῖν πόλιν.
 ὑμῖν δὲ σιγᾶν, δμῳίδες, λέγω τάδε,
 ἢ θάνατον εἰπούσαισι πρὸς δάμαρτ' ἐμὴν.

ΙΩΝ

670 στεῖχοιμ', ἄν· ἐν δὲ τῆς τύχης ἄπεστί μοι·
 εἰ μὴ γὰρ ἦτις μ' ἔτεκεν εὐρήσω, πάτερ,
 ἀβίωτον ἡμῖν· εἰ δ' ἐπεύξασθαι χρεών,

ION

Uprightness, use and nature bred in me
 For Phoebus' service. Thinking on all this,
 Father, I more esteem things here than there.
 Mine own life let me live. Content with little
 Hath charm no less than joy in great estate.

CHORUS

Well hast thou said, so be that those I love
 In these thy words may find their happiness.

XUTHUS

Of this no more : but learn to bear thy fortune. 650
 For, where I found thee, there would I begin,
 By making thee a solemn public feast,
 And thy birth-sacrifice, not offered yet.
 Now to the feast as my guest bringing thee,
 I'll make thee cheer : then to the Athenians' land
 Bring thee as one that travelleth, not as mine.
 For, sooth, I have no heart to vex my wife
 With mine own bliss, while she is childless still.
 And I shall find a time to bring my queen
 To suffer thee to take my sceptred sway.

660

Ion¹ I name thee, of that happy chance
 In that, as forth Apollo's shrine I came,
 First lighted I on thee. Now all thy friends
 To this glad feast of sacrifice gather thou,
 To bid, as leaving Delphi soon, farewell.
 You, handmaids, I command, speak not hereof.
 Death—if ye say to my wife anything!

ION

I go : yet to my fortune one thing lacks :
 For, save I find her who gave life to me,
 My life is naught. If one prayer be vouchsafed, 670

¹ ἴων, "coming," because met at his *coming forth*.

ΙΩΝ

ἐκ τῶν Ἀθηνῶν μ' ἡ τεκοῦς' εἶη γυνή,
ὥς μοι γένηται μητρόθεν παρρησία.
καθαρὰν γὰρ ἦν τις εἰς πόλιν πέσῃ ξένος,
κἂν τοῖς λόγοισιν ἀστὸς ᾗ, τό γε στόμα
δοῦλον πέπαται κοῦκ ἔχει παρρησίαν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὀρῶ δάκρυα καὶ πενθίμους στρ.
ἀλαλαγὰς στεναγμάτων τ' εἰσβολάς,
ὅταν ἐμὰ τύραννος εὐπαιδίαν
680 πόσιν ἔχοντ' εἰδῇ,
αὐτὴ δ' ἅπαις ἦ καὶ λελειμμένη τέκνων.
τίν', ὦ παῖ πρόμαντι Λατοῦς ἔχρη-
σας ὕμνωδιαν ;
πόθεν ὁ παῖς ὅδ' ἀμφὶ ναοὺς σέθεν
τρόφιμος ἐξέβα, γυναικῶν τίνος ;
οὐ γάρ με σαίνει
θέσφατα, μή τιν' ἔχῃ δόλον.
δειμαίνω συμφορὰν
ἐφ' ὃ ποτε βάσεται.
690 ἄτοπος ἄτοπα γὰρ παραδίδωσί μοι
τάδε θεοῦ φήμα.
ἔχει δόλον τύχαν θ' ὁ παῖς
ἄλλων τραφεῖς ἐξ αἱμάτων.
τίς οὐ τάδε ξυνοίσεται ;

φίλοι, πότερ' ἐμᾶ δεσποίνα ἀντ.
τάδε τορῶς ἐς οὓς γεγωνήσομεν,
πόσιν, ἐν ᾧ τὰ πάντ' ἔχουσ' ἐλπίδων
μέτοχος ἦν τλάμων ;
700 νῦν δ' ἡ μὲν ἔρρει συμφοραῖς, ὁ δ' εὐτυχεῖ,
πολὺν εἰσπесоῦσα γῆρας, πόσις δ'

ION

Of Athens' daughters may my mother be,
That by my mother may free speech be mine.
The alien who entereth a burg
Of pure blood, burgher though he be in name,
Hath not free speech ; he bears a bondman's tongue.

[*Exeunt XUTHUS and ION.*]

CHORUS

O vision of tears, and of fierce heart-burning (Str.)
Breaking forth into shrieks and the onrush of
sighing,
When my lady beholdeth her chieftain returning
In glory of fatherhood—knoweth that yearning
Of childlessness waiteth her, hunger undying ! 680
Seer-son of Latona, what strain hast thou chanted ?
Whence came he, the waif in thy temple-porch
lying ?
Thy fosterling—yea, but a mother yet wanted !
And the oracle stirreth mine heart to defying
Of its tones with the whisper of treachery haunted.
I fear whereunto it will grow,
This fate thou hast caused us to know :
Too strange for my credence it is. 690
Child fathered of fortune and treason !
Child alien of blood !—it were reason
That all should cry yea unto this.

Friends, shall I bear to my lady the story ? (Ant.)
Shall I speak in her ear, her lord's baseness
revealing ?
Whom she counted her all and in all—heretofore he
Had share in her dreams of a yet-coming glory.
Now in woe is she whelmed, but his heart hath
found healing, [strewing !]
That he flouts the dear tresses and eld's silver- 700

ἀτίετος φίλων.
μέλεος, ὃς θυραῖος ἐλθὼν δόμους
μέγαν ἐς ὄλβον οὐκ ἔσωσεν τύχας.
ὄλοιτ' ὄλοιτο
πότνιαν ἑξαπαφὼν ἐμάν'
καὶ θεοῖσιν μὴ τύχοι
καλλιφλογα πέλανον ἐπὶ
πυρὶ καθαγνίσας· τὸ δ' ἐμὸν εἴσεται

710

* * * * *

τύραννος ἢ φίλα φίλον.¹
ἤδη πέλας δείπνων κυρεῖ
παῖς καὶ πατὴρ νέος νέων.

ἰὼ δειράδες Παρνασοῦ πέτρας ἐπ' ὠδ.
ἔχουσαι σκόπελον οὐράνιον θ' ἔδραν,
ἵνα Βάκχιος ἀμφιπύρους ἀνέχων πεύκας
λαιψήρᾳ πηδᾷ νυκτιπόλοις ἅμα σὺν Βάκχαις.
μή τί ποτ' εἰς ἐμὴν πόλιν ἵκοιθ' ὁ παῖς,
νέαν δ' ἀμέραν ἀπολιπὼν θάνοι.
στενομένη γὰρ ἂν πόλις ἔχοι σκῆψιν
ξενικὸν εἰσβολάν.
ἄλλης ὁ πάρος ἀρχαγὸς ὢν
'Ερεχθεὺς ἀναξ.

720

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὦ πρέσβυ παιδαγῶγ' 'Ερεχθέως πατρός
τοῦμού ποτ' ὄντος, ἡνίκ' ἦν ἔτ' ἐν φάει,
ἔπαιρε σαυτὸν πρὸς θεοῦ χρηστήρια,
ὥς μοι συνησθήης, εἴ τι Λοξίας ἀναξ
θέσπισμα παίδων εἰς γονὰς ἐφθέγγατο·
σὺν τοῖς φίλοις γὰρ ἡδὺ μὲν πράσσειν καλῶς·
ὃ μὴ γένοιτο δ', εἴ τι τυγχάνοι κακόν,

730

¹ Bayfield : for MSS. τυραννίδος φίλα.

ION

O caitiff and outlander, he that came stealing
On the wealth of a house he saved not from un-
doing!¹— [dealing—

Who would cozen my lady with treacherous
False one, away to thy ruin, thy ruin!

O'er the consecrate cake he shall lay
Mid your altar-flames, Gods, let them play

Unavailing! Ah but my queen 710

Shall know that I hold her the dearer!

Lo this strange feast draweth nearer

When the sire's strange son shall be seen.

Heights of Parnassus, rock-ridges upbearing (*Epode*)

The watchtower crags and the cloudland dome,

Where Bacchus, uptossing the pines flame-glaring,

Leaps mid his Bacchantes through darkness that
roam,

May never yon boy to my city come faring!

Be his birth-day the day of his doom! 720

For in sooth should our city be hard bestead

If an alien host to her hearths shall be led.

Suffice us Erechtheus, the kingly head

Of the Ancient Home!

*Enter CREUSA and OLD SERVANT, climbing the ascent
to the Temple.*

CREUSA

Thou reverend child-ward of my sometime sire

Erechtheus, while he walked yet in the light,

Bear up, and press to yon God's oracle,

That thou mayst share my joy, if Loxias King

A boding-pledge of sons hath uttered forth.

'Tis sweet with friends to share prosperity: 730

And if—which God forbid—if ill befall,

¹ By perpetuating the race of true-born Erechtheids.

ΙΩΝ

εἰς ὄμματ' εὖνου φωτὸς ἐμβλέψαι γλυκύ.
ἐγὼ δέ σ', ὥσπερ καὶ σὺ πατέρ' ἐμόν ποτε,
δέσποιν' ὅμως οὐσ' ἀντικηδεύω πατρός.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

740 ὦ θύγατερ, ἄξι' ἀξίων γεννητόρων
ἦθη φυλάσσεις κοῦ κατασχύνας' ἔχεις
τοὺς σοὺς παλαιοὺς ἐγγόνους αὐτόχθονας.
ἔλχ' ἔλκε πρὸς μέλαθρα καὶ κόμιζέ με.
αἰπεινά τοι μαντεῖα· τοῦ γήρωος δέ μοι
συνεκπονοῦσα κῶλον ἱατρὸς γενοῦ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἔπου νυν· ἵχνος δ' ἐκφύλασσ' ὅπου τίθης.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ἰδού.
τὸ τοῦ ποδὸς μὲν βραδύ, τὸ τοῦ δὲ νοῦ ταχύ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

βάκτρῃ δ' ἐρείδου περιφερῇ στίβον χθονός.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

καὶ τοῦτο τυφλόν, ὅταν ἐγὼ βλέπω βραχύ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὀρθῶς ἔλεξας· ἀλλὰ μὴ πάρες κόπῃ.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

οὔκουν ἐκὼν γε· τοῦ δ' ἀπόντος οὐ κρατῶ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

750 γυναικες, ἰστών τῶν ἐμῶν καὶ κερκίδος
δούλευμα πιστόν, τίνα τύχην λαβὼν πόσις
βέβηκε παίδων ὧν περ εἶνεχ' ἦκομεν,
σημήνατ'· εἰ γὰρ ἀγαθὰ μοι μηνύσετε,
οὐκ εἰς ἀπίστους δεσπότης βαλεῖς χαράν,

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰὼ δαῖμον,

ION

'Tis sweet to gaze in eyes of sympathy.
Now thine old loving tendance of my sire
I, though thy lady, render back to thee.

OLD SERVANT

My daughter, spirit worthy of noble sires
Thou keepest, and thou hast not put to shame
Thine old forefathers, children of the soil.
Draw, draw me towards the shrines, and bring me on.
Steep is the god-ward path : be thou physician
Unto mine age, and help my toiling limbs. 740

CREUSA

Follow : take heed where thou dost plant thy feet.

OLD SERVANT

Lo there !
Slow is the foot, still by the mind outstripped.

CREUSA

Try with thy staff the ground : lean hard thereon.

OLD SERVANT

Blind guide is this when mine eyes serve so ill.

CREUSA

Sooth said : yet yield not thou to weariness.

OLD SERVANT

I would not, but my lost strength I command not.

CREUSA

Women, which do leal service at my loom
And shuttle, show what fortune hath my lord
Found touching issue, for which cause we came.
For, if ye speak good tidings unto me, 750
Your queen shall not forget the debt of joy.

CHORUS

Ah fate !

ΙΩΝ

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

τὸ φροῖμιον μὲν τῶν λόγων οὐκ εὐτυχές.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ τλᾶμον.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ἀλλ' ἢ τι θεσφάτοισι δεσποτῶν νοσῶ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εἶεν· τί δρῶμεν, θάνατος ὧν κεῖται πέρι;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τίς ἤδε μούσα, χὼ φόβος τίνων πέρι;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εἵπωμεν ἢ σιγῶμεν; ἢ τί δράσομεν;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

εἴφ'· ὥς ἔχεις γε συμφορὰν τιν' εἰς ἐμέ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

760

εἰρήσεται τοι, κεῖ θανεῖν μέλλω διπλῇ.
οὐκ ἔστι σοι, δέσποιν', ἐπ' ἀγκάλαις λαβεῖν
τέκν' οὐδὲ μαστῇ σὺ προσαρμόσαι ποτέ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὦμοι, θάνοιμι.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

θύγατερ—

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὦ τάλαιν' ἐγὼ συμφορᾶς.
ἔλαβον, ἔπαθον ἄχος ἀβίοτον, φίλαι.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

διοιχόμεσθα, τέκνον.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

αἰαὶ αἰαὶ·
διανταῖος ἔτυπεν ὀδύνα με πλεν-
μόνων τῶνδ' ἔσω.

ION

OLD SERVANT (*aside*).

No happy-boding prelude of their speech !

CHORUS

Ah hapless !

OLD SERVANT (*aside*)

Ha, sinks mine heart for my lords' oracle !

CHORUS

What shall we do when death is in the path ?

CREUSA

What means this strain, and wherefore is your fear ?

CHORUS

Speech ?—silence ?—what is it that we should do ?

CREUSA

Speak : something ye keep back that toucheth me.

CHORUS

Thou shalt be told,—yea, though I die twice over. 760

'Tis not for thee, my queen, in arms to fold

Children, nor press them ever to thy breast.

CREUSA

Ah, would I might die !

OLD SERVANT

Daughter—

CREUSA

Ah wretch !—ah me for my misery !

I have gotten sore hurt, my friends : what is life
unto me ?

OLD SERVANT

Undone—thou and I !

O child !

CREUSA

Ah me, ah me ! for the anguish-dart

Hath pierced me through, and hath plunged deep
into mine heart.

ΙΩΝ

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

μήπω στενάξῃς,

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἀλλὰ πάρεισι γόοι.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

πρὶν ἂν μάθωμεν—

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

770

ἀγγελίαν τίνα μοι;

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

εἰ ταῦτ' ἀπράσπων δεσπότης τῆς συμφορᾶς
κοινωνός ἐστιν, ἣ μόνῃ σὺ δυστυχεῖς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κείνῳ μὲν, ὦ γεραιέ, παῖδα Λοξίας
ἔδωκεν, ἰδίᾳ δ' εὐτυχεῖ ταύτης δίχα.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τόδ' ἐπὶ τῷδε κακὸν ἄκρον ἔλακες ἔλακες
ἄχος ἐμοὶ στένειν.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

πότερα δὲ φῦναι δεῖ γυναικὸς ἔκ τινος
τὸν παῖδ' ὃν εἶπας, ἣ γεγῶτ' ἐθέσπισεν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

780

ἤδη πεφυκὸτ' ἐκτελῇ νεανίαν
δίδωσιν αὐτῷ Λοξίας· παρῇ δ' ἐγώ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

πῶς φής; ἄφατον ἄφατον ἀναύδητον
λόγον ἐμοὶ θροεῖς.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

κᾶμοιγε. πῶς δ' ὁ χρησμὸς ἐκπεραίνεται
σαφέστερόν μοι φράζε, χῶστις ἐσθ' ὁ παῖς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὅτῳ ξυναντήσκειν ἐκ ναοῦ συνθεῖς
πρώτῳ πόσις σός, παῖδ' ἔδωκ' αὐτῷ θεός.

78

ION

OLD SERVANT

Nay, moan not yet—

CREUSA

But wailings the soul of me fill !

OLD SERVANT

Ere we shall learn—

CREUSA

What tidings remain for me still ? 770

OLD SERVANT

If in the same calamity our lord
Have part, or thine alone misfortune be.

CHORUS

Ancient, to him hath Loxias given a son,
And private joy is his, unshared of her.

CREUSA

Ah sorrow on sorrow, for crown of sorrow, and woes
for my sighing !

OLD SERVANT

But of some woman must he yet be born,
This child ?—or did the God proclaim him born ?

CHORUS

Already born—nay more, a stripling grown 780
Doth Loxias give him. I was there, and heard.

CREUSA

How sayest thou ?—nameless, unspeakable things in
mine ears art thou crying—

OLD SERVANT

And mine. But how works out the oracle ?
More clearly tell me : who the lad is, tell.

CHORUS

Whomso thy lord should first meet as he passed
From the God's fane, the God gave him for son.

ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

790 ὅτοτοτοί· τὸ δ' ἐμὸν ἄτεκνον ἄτεκνον ἔλαβεν
ἄρα βίοντον, ἐρημία δ' ὀρφανούς
δόμους οἰκήσω.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

τίς οὖν ἐχρήσθη; τῷ συνῆψ' ἵχνος ποδὸς
πόσις ταλαίνης; πῶς δὲ ποῦ νιν εἰσιδών;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οἶσθ', ὦ φίλη δέσποινα, τὸν νεανίαν
ὃς τόνδ' ἔσαιρε ναόν; οὗτος ἔσθ' ὁ παῖς.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἀν' ὑγρὸν ἀμπταῖν αἰθέρα πόρσω γαί-
ας Ἑλλανίας, ἀστέρας ἐσπέρους,
οἶον οἶον ἄλγος ἔπαθον, φίλαι.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

800 ὄνομα δὲ ποῖον αὐτὸν ὀνομάζει πατήρ;
οἶσθ', ἢ σιωπῇ τοῦτ' ἀκύρωτον μένει;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ἰων', ἐπεῖπερ πρῶτος ἦντησεν πατρί.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

μητρὸς δ' ὁποίας ἐστίν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ἔχω φράσαι.
φροῦδος δ', ἵν' εἰδῆς πάντα τὰπ' ἐμοῦ, γέρον,
παιδὸς προθύσων ξένια καὶ γενέθλια,
σκηναὶς ἐς ἱερὰς τῆσδε λαθραίως πόσις,
κοινῇ ξυνάψων δαῖτα παιδὶ τῷ νέῳ.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

810 δέσποινα, προδεδόμεσθα, σὺν γάρ σοι νοσῶ,
τοῦ σοῦ πρὸς ἀνδρός, καὶ μεμηχανημένως
ὑβριζόμεσθα δωμάτων τ' Ἐρεχθέως

ION

CREUSA

Ah me ! ah me !—and my weird
Of barrenness, barrenness grippeth my life !—
desolation-oppressed 790
Shall I live on, living in childless halls !

OLD SERVANT

Who was the child foretold ? whom met he first,
Our sad queen's lord ? How saw he him, and where ?

CHORUS

Rememberest thou, O dear my queen, the youth
That swept the temple's floor ? That son is he.

CREUSA

Oh to flee on the wings of a bird
Through the ocean of air, and from Hellas afar to
the stars of the west !
Such pain on me, friends, such anguish falls !

OLD SERVANT

And what name hath his father given to him ? 800
Know'st thou ? Or bideth this unfixed, unsaid ?

CHORUS

Ion, since he was first to meet his sire.

OLD SERVANT

His mother, who ?

CHORUS

Thereof can I say naught.
My lady's spouse hath stol'n—that all my tale
Be known of thee—into the festal tent,
To sacrifice for welcoming and birth,
And spread a public feast for this new son.

OLD SERVANT

Betrayed, Queen, are we—for thy pain is mine—
Of this thy lord ; by treason-stratagems
Insulted ; from Erechtheus' palace-halls 810

81

ἐκβαλλόμεσθα· καὶ σὸν οὐ στυγῶν πόσιν
λέγω, σὲ μέντοι μᾶλλον ἢ κεῖνον φιλῶν·
ὅστις σε γήμας ξένος ἐπεισελθὼν πόλιν
καὶ δῶμα καὶ σὴν παραλαβὼν παγκληρίαν,
ἄλλης γυναικὸς παῖδας ἐκκαρπούμενος
λάβθρα πέφηνεν· ὡς λάθρα δ', ἐγὼ φράσω·
ἐπεὶ σ' ἄτεκνον ἦσθες, οὐκ ἔστεργέ σοι
ὅμοιος εἶναι τῆς τύχης τ' ἴσον φέρειν,
λαβὼν δὲ δοῦλα λέκτρα νυμφεύσας λάθρα
820 τὸν παῖδ' ἔφυσεν, ἐξενωμένον δέ τῳ
Δελφῶν δίδωσιν ἐκτρέφειν· ὁ δ' ἐν θεοῦ
δόμοισιν ἄφετος, ὡς λάθροι, παιδεύεται.
νεανίαν δ' ὡς ἦσθες ἐκτεθραμμένον,
ἐλθεῖν σ' ἐπείσε δεῦρ' ἀπαιδίας χάριν.
κἄθ' ὁ θεὸς οὐκ ἐψεύσαθ', ὅδε δ' ἐψεύσατο
πάσαι τρέφων τὸν παῖδα, κἄπλεκεν πλοκάς
τοιασδ'· ἀλοὺς μὲν ἀνέφερ' εἰς τὸν δαίμονα,
†ἐλθὼν δὲ καὶ τὸν χρόνον ἀμύνεσθαι θέλων†
830 τυραννίδ' αὐτῷ περιβαλεῖν ἔμελλε γῆς.
καινὸν δὲ τοῦνομ' ἀνὰ χρόνον πεπλασμένον,
Ἴων, ἰόντι δῆθεν ὅτι συνήντετο.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οἷμοι, πανούργους ἄνδρας ὡς αἰὲ στυγῶ,
οἱ συντιθέντες τᾶδικ' εἴτα μηχαναῖς
κοσμοῦσι· φαῦλον χρηστὸν ἂν λαβεῖν φίλον
θέλωιμι μᾶλλον ἢ κακὸν σοφώτερον.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

καὶ τῶνδ' ἀπάντων ἔσχατον πείσει κακόν·
ἀμήτορ', ἀναρίθμητον, ἐκ δούλης τινὸς
γυναικὸς, εἰς σὸν δῶμα δεσπότην ἄγειν.
840 ἀπλοῦν ἂν ἦν γὰρ τὸ κακόν, εἰ παρ' εὐγενοῦς
μητρός, πιθῶν σε, σὴν λέγων ἀπαιδίαν,

ION

Cast forth! And this I say, as hating not
Thy lord, but better loving thee than him,
Who came a stranger to thy burg and home,
Wedded thee, and received thine heritage,
And of another woman gat him sons
Clandestine : this " clandestine " will I prove :—
Knowing thee barren, he was not content
To share thy fortune, to partake thy lot,
But took a slave to his clandestine bed,
Begot this son, from Athens sent him, gave 820
Unto some Delphian's fostering : for concealment
Was he reared in the temple, consecrate.

Then, when he knew the stripling fully grown,
He drew thee hither by the hope of sons.
So, not the God hath lied, but this man lied,
Rearing so long the lad, weaving such plots.
Detected here, he would cast it on the God :
But, safe in Athens, he would set her crown
Upon him, guarding 'gainst the chance of time.
But this *new name's* misdated forgery ! 830
Ion—set eye on him then first, forsooth !

CHORUS

Ah me ! how evermore I loathe the knave
That plotteth wrongs, and then with stratagem
Tricks forth ! Be mine the friend of simple soul
Yet honest, rather than the craftier villain.

OLD SERVANT

And a worse ill than all this must thou know,
To take into thine house for lord thereof
A slave's brat, motherless, of none account !
'Twere but one ill, if from a free-born womb,
With thy consent, pleading thy barrenness, 840

ΙΩΝ

ἐσώκισ' οἴκους· εἰ δὲ σοὶ τόδ' ἦν πικρόν,
 τῶν Αἰόλου νιν χρῆν ὀρεχθῆναι γάμων.
 ἐκ τῶνδε δεῖ σε δὴ γυναικεῖόν τι δρᾶν
 ἢ γὰρ ξίφος λαβοῦσαν ἢ δόλω τινὶ
 ἢ φαρμάκοισι σὸν κατακτεῖναι πόσιν
 καὶ παῖδα, πρὶν σοὶ θάνατον ἐκ κείνων μολεῖν.
 [εἰ γάρ γ' ὑφήσεις τοῦδ', ἀπαλλάξει βίον·
 δυοῖν γὰρ ἐχθροῖν εἰς ἓν ἐλθόντοιν στέγος,
 ἢ θάτερον δεῖ δυστυχεῖν ἢ θάτερον.]
 850 ἐγὼ μὲν οὖν σοι καὶ συνεκπονεῖν θέλω,
 καὶ συμφονεύειν παῖδ' ἐπεισελθὼν δόμοις
 οὐ δαῖθ' ὀπλίζει, καὶ τροφεῖα δεσπότης
 ἀποδοὺς θανεῖν τε ζῶν τε φέγγος εἰσορᾶν.
 ἐν γάρ τι τοῖς δούλοισιν αἰσχύνην φέρει,
 τοῦνομα· τὰ δ' ἄλλα πάντα τῶν ἐλευθέρων
 οὐδὲν κακίων δοῦλος, ὅστις ἐσθλὸς ᾖ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ γὰρ, φίλη δέσποινα, συμφορὰν θέλω
 κοινουμένη τήνδ' ἢ θανεῖν ἢ ζῆν καλῶς.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὦ ψυχά, πῶς σιγάσω ;
 860 πῶς δὲ σκοτίας ἀναφήνω
 εὐνὰς, αἰδοῦς δ' ἀπολειφθῶ ;
 τί γὰρ ἐμπόδιον κώλυμ' ἔτι μοι ;
 πρὸς τίν' ἀγῶνας τιθέμεσθ' ἀρετῆς,
 οὐ πόσις ἡμῶν προδότης γέγονεν ;
 στέρομαι δ' οἴκων, στέρομαι παίδων,
 φροῦδαι δ' ἐλπίδες, ἃς διαθέσθαι
 χρήζουσα καλῶς οὐκ ἐδυνήθην,
 σιγῶσα γάμους,
 σιγῶσα τόκους πολυκλαύτους.
 870 ἀλλ' οὐ τὸ Διὸς πολύαστρον ἔδος

ION

He found an heir. Or, if this liked thee not,
 He ought to have sought a wife of Aeolus' race.
 Now, something worthy of woman must thou do—
 Grasp thou the sword, or by some wiliness
 Or poison slay thine husband and his son,
 Ere treacherous death shall come from them to thee.
 For, if thou flinch, 'tis thou shalt lose thy life :
 For, when two foes beneath one roof be met,
 This one or that one must the victim be.
 Willing am I with thee to share this work, 850
 To enter the pavilion, slay the lad
 Where he prepares the feast :—repaying so
 My lords their nurture, let me die or live !
 There is but one thing bringeth shame to slaves,
 The name : in all beside no slave is worse
 Than free men, so he bear an upright soul.

CHORUS

I too, dear mistress, I consent to share
 Thy fate,—or death, or honourable life.

CREUSA

O, how keep silence, my soul ?
 Yet how shall I dare to unroll 860
 Deeds hidden of darkness, and cast the shame behind
 me ? [bind me ?
 Yet what thing remaineth to fetter me, what thing to
 With whom can I stand in virtue's glorious strife ?
 Hath not mine husband a traitor been shown to his
 wife ?
 I am wholly of home bereft, am of children bereft :
 Of the hopes unavailing I cherished not one is left,
 Who dreamed I should order all things well,
 Yet naught of that bridal of horror tell,
 Naught of the birth amid tears that befell.
 Now nay—by the palace of Zeus star-brightened, 870

ΙΩΝ

καὶ τὴν ἐπ' ἐμοῖς σκοπέλοισι θεὰν
 λίμνης τ' ἐνύδρου Τριτωνιάδος
 πότνιαν ἀκτάν,
 οὐκέτι κρύψω λέχος, ὥς στέρνων
 ἀποννησαμένη ῥᾶων ἔσομαι.
 στάζουσι κόραι δακρύοισιν ἐμαί,
 ψυχὰ δ' ἀλγεί κακοβουληθεῖς'
 ἐκ τ' ἀνθρώπων ἐκ τ' ἀθανάτων,
 οὓς ἀποδείξω
 880 λέκτρων προδότας ἀχαρίστους.

ὦ τᾶς ἐπταφθόγγου μέλπων
 κιθάρας ἐνοπάν, ἅτ' ἀγραύλοισ
 κέρασιν ἐν ἀψύχοις ἀχει
 μουσᾶν ὕμνους εὐαχήτους,
 σοὶ μομφάν, ὦ Λατοῦς παῖ,
 πρὸς τάνδ' αὐγὰν αὐδάσω.
 ἦλθές μοι χρυσῷ χαίταν
 μαρμαίρων, εὖτ' εἰς κόλπους
 890 κρόκεα πέταλα φάρεσιν ἔδρεπον
 ἀνθίζειν χρυσανταυγῇ·
 λευκοῖς δ' ἐμφὺς καρποῖσιν
 χειρῶν εἰς ἄντρου κοίτας
 κραυγὰν ὦ μᾶτέρ μ' αὐδῶσαν
 θεὸς ὀμευνέτας
 ἄγες ἀναιδεία
 Κύπριδι χάριν πράσσω.

τίκτω δ' ἅ δύστανός σοι
 κοῦρον, τὸν φρίκα ματρὸς
 εἰς εὐνὰν βάλλω τὰν σάν,
 900 ἵνα με λέχεσι μέλεα μέλεος
 ἐξεύξω τὰν δύστανον.

ION

By the watchtower crag where my Goddess's
 throne is,
 By the holy shore of the mere Tritonis
 Full-brimming mid Libya's plain,
 Mine outrage no more will I hide, that lightened
 My bosom may be of its pain.
 Mine eyes are a fountain of tears fast-welling,
 And mine heart is betrayed and anguish-riven,
 Betrayed of lovers on earth, in heaven !
 I will speak it, that thankless name forth telling,
 And the tale of the traitor to love shall be given. 880

Lord of the seven-voiced lyre, who attunest the cry of
 its strings, [note sings
 Under whose fingers the lifeless awaketh, a sweet
 From the horn of the ox of the field; the chant of the
 Muses outrings—

Child of Latona, I cry to the Sun—I will publish
 thy shame ! [the flowers as I came
 Thou, with thy tresses a-shimmer with gold, through
 Plucking the crocuses, heaping my veil with their
 gold-litten flame, 890

Cam'st on me, caughtest the poor pallid wrists of mine
 hands and didst hale
 Unto thy couch in the cave,—“ Mother ! mother ! ” I
 shrieked out my wail,—
 Wroughtest the pleasure of Cypris : no shame made
 the god-lover quail.

Wretched I bare thee a child, and I cast him with
 shuddering throe [a bride-bed of woe.
 Forth on thy couch where thou forcedst thy victim, 900
 Lost—my poor baby and thine ! for the eagles
 devoured him ;—and lo,

οἶμοι μοι· καὶ νῦν ἔρρει
 πτανοῖς ἄρπασθεις θοῖνα
 παῖς μοι καὶ σὸς τλάμων,
 σὺ δὲ κιθάρα κλάζεις
 910 παιᾶνας μέλπων.

ὦή, τὸν Λατοῦς αὐδῶ,
 δς ὀμφὰν κληροῖς
 πρὸς χρυσέους θάκους καὶ
 γαίας μεσσήρεις ἔδρας,
 εἰς οὓς αὐδὰν καρύξω·
 ἰὼ κακὸς εὐνάτωρ,
 δς τῇ μὲν ἐμῷ νυμφεύτῃ
 χάριν οὐ προλαβὼν
 παῖδ' εἰς οἶκους οἰκίζεις·
 ὁ δ' ἐμὸς γενέτας καὶ σὸς ἀμαθὴς
 οἰωνοῖς ἔρρει συλαθείς, [οἰκεῖα]
 σπάργανα ματέρος ἐξαλλάξας.
 μισεῖ σ' ἅ Δᾶλος καὶ δάφνας
 920 ἔρνεα φοίνικα παρ' ἀβροκόμαν,
 ἐνθα λοχεύματα σέμν' ἐλοχεύσατο
 Λατὼ Δίιοισί σε καρποῖς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οἶμοι, μέγας θησαυρὸς ὥς ἀνοίγνυται
 κακῶν, ἐφ' οἷσι πᾶς ἂν ἐκβάλῃ δάκρυ.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ὦ θύγατερ, οἴκτου σὸν βλέπων ἐμπίπλωμαι
 πρόσωπον, ἔξω δ' ἐγενόμην γνώμης ἐμῆς.
 κακῶν γὰρ ἄρτι κῦμ' ὑπεξαντλῶν φρενί,
 πρύμνηθεν αἶρει μ' ἄλλο σὼν λόγων ὕπο,
 οὓς ἐκβαλοῦσα τῶν παρεστώτων κακῶν
 930 μετήλθες ἄλλων πημάτων κακὰς ὁδοὺς.

ION

Victory-songs to thy lyre dost thou chant! Ho, I
call to thee, son
Born to Latona, Dispenser of Boding, on gold-
gleaming throne
Midmost of earth who art sitting :—thine ears shall
be pierced with my moan! 910

Ah, ravisher-bridegroom thou!

What ailed thee to give to my spouse—
Requiting no service, I trow!—

A son to be heir to his house?
But my baby and thine, O heartless, was taken
For a prey of the eagles: long ere now
Were the swaddling-bands of his mother forsaken.

Thy Delos doth hate thee, thy bay-boughs abhor thee,
By the palm-tree of feathery frondage that rose 920
Where in sacred travail Latona bore thee
Unto Zeus for the fruit of her throes.

CHORUS

Ah me, what mighty treasure-house is opened
Of sore affliction whereat all shall weep!

OLD SERVANT

Ah daughter, gazing on thy face I fill
With pity: yea, my mind is all distraught.
For, while one surge of ills yet drowns my soul,
High rolls astern another from thy words.
For, soon as thou hadst told thy present ills,
Thou followedst the dark track of other woes. 930

ΙΩΝ

τί φῆς ; τίνα λόγον Λοξίου κατηγορεῖς ;
ποῖον τεκεῖν φῆς παῖδα ; τοῦ θεῖναι πόλεως
θηρσὶν φίλον τύμβευμ' ; ἀνελθέ μοι πάλιν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

αἰσχύνομαι μέν σ', ὦ γέρον, λέξω δ' ὅμως.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ὥς συστενάζειν γ' οἶδα γενναίως φίλοις.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἄκουέ τοῖνυν· οἶσθα Κεκροπίας πέτρας
πρόσβορρον ἄντρον, ἅς Μακρὰς κυκλήσκομεν ;

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

οἶδ', ἔνθα Πανὸς ἄδυτα καὶ βωμοὶ πέλας.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἐνταῦθ' ἀγῶνα δεινὸν ἡγωνίσμεθα.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

940 τίν' ; ὥς ἀπαντᾷ δάκρυά μοι τοῖς σοῖς λόγοις.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

Φοίβῳ ξυνῆψ' ἄκουσα δύστηνον γάμον.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ὦ θύγατερ· ἂρ' ἦν ταῦθ' ἃ γ' ἡσθόμην ἐγώ ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐκ οἶδ'· ἀληθῆ δ' εἰ λέγεις, φαίμεν ἄν.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

νόσον κρυφαίαν ἤνικ' ἔστενες λάθρα ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τότ' ἦν ἃ νῦν σοι φανερά σημαίνω κακά.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

κατ' ἐξέκλεψας πῶς Ἀπόλλωνος γάμους ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἔτεκον· ἀνάσχου ταῦτ' ἐμοῦ κλύων, γέρον.

ION

What say'st thou? What dost lay to Loxias' charge?
What child hast borne? In Athens where didst cast
him

To gladden a living grave?—tell yet again.

CREUSA

Ancient, I blush before thee, yet will tell.

OLD SERVANT

To weep with friends that weep, full well I know.

CREUSA

Hear then :—the Rocks of Cecrops knowest thou,
The Long Cliff named?—the northward-facing cave?

OLD SERVANT

I know : Pan's shrine and altars stand thereby.

CREUSA

Even there I agonized in that dread strife—

OLD SERVANT

What?—lo, how start my tears to meet thy words! 940

CREUSA

With Phoebus linked sore loth in woeful bridal.

OLD SERVANT

Ah daughter, was it this myself had marked?

CREUSA

Had marked?—If sooth thou sayest, I will tell.

OLD SERVANT

Thy secret sighing as with hidden pain?

CREUSA

Yea; then befell the ills I now lay bare.

OLD SERVANT

And how didst thou conceal Apollo's rape?

CREUSA

I travailed—bear to hear my tale, old friend!—

ΙΩΝ

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ποῦ ; τίς λοχεύει σ' ; ἡ μόνη μοχθεῖς τάδε ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

μόνη κατ' ἄντρον οὐπερ ἐξεύχθην γάμοις.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

950 ὁ παῖς δὲ ποῦ 'στιν, ἵνα σὺ μηκέτ' ᾗς ἄπαις ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τέθνηκεν, ὦ γεραίε, θηρσὶν ἐκτεθεῖς.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

τέθνηκε ; 'Απόλλων δ' ὁ κακὸς οὐδὲν ἤρκεσεν ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐκ ἤρκεσ'. "Αἰδου δ' ἐν δόμοις παιδεύεται.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

τίς γάρ νιν ἐξέθηκεν ; οὐ γὰρ δὴ σύ γε.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἡμεῖς, ἐν ὄρφνῃ σπαργανώσαντες πέπλοις.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

οὐδὲ ξυνήδει σοί τις ἐκθεσιν τέκνον ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

αἱ ξυμφοραὶ γε καὶ τὸ λανθάνειν μόνον.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

καὶ πῶς ἐν ἄντρῳ παῖδα σὸν λιπεῖν ἔτλης ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

πῶς δ' ; οἰκτρὰ πολλὰ στόματος ἐκβαλοῦσ' ἔπη.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

φεῦ·

960 τλήμων σὺ τόλμης, ὁ δὲ θεὸς μᾶλλον σέθεν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

εἰ παῖδά γ' εἶδες χεῖρας ἐκτείνοντά μοι.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

μαστὸν διώκοντ' ἢ πρὸς ἀγκάλαις πεσεῖν ;

ION

OLD SERVANT

Who tended thee? . . . alone in trial's hour!

CREUSA

Alone within the cave that saw my rape.

OLD SERVANT

And the boy, where?—that thou no more be childless. 950

CREUSA

Dead is he, ancient,—unto beasts cast out.

OLD SERVANT

Dead?—and Apollo, traitor! helped thee naught?

CREUSA

Helped not. The child is nursed in Hades' halls.

OLD SERVANT

Who cast him forth? Not thou—O never thou!

CREUSA

Even I. My vesture darkling swaddled him.

OLD SERVANT

Nor any knew the exposing of the child?

CREUSA

None—Misery and Secrecy alone.

OLD SERVANT

How couldst thou leave thy babe within the cave?

CREUSA

Ah how?—O pitiful farewells I moaned!

OLD SERVANT

Poor heart of steel!—O God's heart harder yet! 960

CREUSA

Ah, hadst thou seen the babe's hands stretched to me!

OLD SERVANT

Seeking the breast, the cradle of thine arms?

ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἐνταῦθ', ἴν' οὐκ ὦν ἄδικ' ἔπασχεν ἐξ ἐμοῦ.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

σοὶ δ' ἐς τί δόξ' εἰσῆλθεν ἐκβαλεῖν τέκνον;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὥς τὸν θεὸν σώσοντα τὸν γ' αὐτοῦ γόνον.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

οἴμοι, δόμων σὼν ὄλβος ὥς χειμάζεται.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τί κρᾶτα κρίψας, ὦ γέρον, δακρυρροεῖς;

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

σὲ καὶ πατέρα σὸν δυστυχοῦντας εἰσορῶν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τὰ θνητὰ τοιαῦτ' οὐδὲν ἐν ταύτῳ μένει.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

970 μὴ νῦν ἔτ' οἴκτων, θύγατερ, ἀντεχώμεθα.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τί γάρ με χρὴ δρᾶν; ἀπορία τὸ δυστυχεῖν.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

τὸν πρῶτον ἀδίκησαντά σ' ἀποτίνου θεόν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

καὶ πῶς τὰ κρείσσω θνητὸς οὐδ' ὑπερδράμω;

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

πίμπρη τὰ σεμνὰ Λοξίου χρηστήρια.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

δέδοικα· καὶ νῦν πημάτων ἄδην ἔχω.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

τὰ δυνατὰ νυν τόλμησον, ἄνδρα σὸν κτάνειν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

αἰδούμεθ' εὐνὰς τὰς τόθ' ἡνίκ' ἐσθλὸς ἦν.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

σὺ δ' ἀλλὰ παῖδα τὸν ἐπὶ σοὶ πεφηνότα.

ION

CREUSA

Where he lay not, and so had wrong of me.

OLD SERVANT

And in what hope didst thou cast forth the babe?

CREUSA

That the God yet would save him—his own child.

OLD SERVANT

Ah me, what tempest wrecks thine house's weal!

CREUSA

Why dost thou, ancient, veil thine head, and weep?

OLD SERVANT

Seeing calamity, thy sire's and thine.

CREUSA

'Tis man's lot : naught continueth at one stay.

OLD SERVANT

Cling we no more to wailings, daughter, now.

970

CREUSA

What must I do?—so helpless misery is.

OLD SERVANT

Avenge thee on the God who wronged thee first.

CREUSA

How?—I, a mortal, triumph o'er the strong?

OLD SERVANT

Set thou the torch to Loxias' holy shrine.

CREUSA

I fear:—even now I have enough of woes.

OLD SERVANT

Then dare the thing thou canst : thine husband slay.

CREUSA

I cannot—for old love and loyalty's sake.

OLD SERVANT

The boy, at least, thus foisted upon thee.

ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

πῶς ; εἰ γὰρ εἶη δυνατόν· ὥς θέλοιμί γ' ἄν.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

980

ξιφηφόρους σοὺς ὀπλίσας· ὀπάοντας.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

στείχοιμ' ἄν· ἀλλὰ ποῦ γενήσεται τόδε ;

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ἱεραῖσιν ἐν σκηναῖσιν, οὐ θοινᾷ φίλους.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἐπίσημον ὁ φόνος, καὶ τὸ δοῦλον ἀσθενές.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ὦμοι, κακίζει. φέρε, σύ νυν βούλευέ τι.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

καὶ μὴν ἔχω γε δόλια καὶ δραστήρια.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ἀμφοῖν ἂν εἶην τοῖνδ' ὑπηρέτης ἐγώ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἄκουε τοῖνυν· οἶσθα γηγενῇ μάχην ;

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

οἶδ', ἦν Φλέγρα Γίγαντες ἔστησαν θεοῖς.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἐνταῦθα Γοργόν' ἔτεκε Γῇ, δεινὸν τέρας.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

990

ἦ παισὶν αὐτῆς σύμμαχον, θεῶν πόνον ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ναί· καί νιν ἔκτειν' ἡ Διὸς Παλλὰς θεά.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ἄρ' οὗτός ἐσθ' ὁ μῦθος ὃν κλύω πάλαι ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ταύτης Ἀθάνα δέρος ἐπὶ στέρνοις ἔχει.

ION

CREUSA

How?—would 'twere possible!—how fain would I!

OLD SERVANT

With daggers arm the servants of thy train. 980

CREUSA

I will go straight:—but when to strike the blow?

OLD SERVANT

In the pavilion, where he feasts his friends.

CREUSA

Murder in public—and by weakling thralls!

OLD SERVANT

Woe! thine heart fails. Do thine own plotting now.

CREUSA

Ha, mine is secret guile and triumph sure.

OLD SERVANT

Yea, both?—then will I be thy minister.

CREUSA

Hear then:—thou knowest of the Earth-born War?

OLD SERVANT

Yea, giants stood in Phlegra 'gainst the Gods.

CREUSA

There Earth brought forth the Gorgon, monster
dread—

OLD SERVANT

To help her sons, and press the Gods full hard? 990

CREUSA

Yea, and Zeus' Daughter, Goddess Pallas, slew it.

OLD SERVANT

Meseems I heard this legend long ago—

CREUSA

How on her breast Athena bore its skin.

ΙΩΝ

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ἦν αἰγίδ' ὀνομάζουσι, Παλλάδος στολήν ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τόδ' ἔσχεν ὄνομα θεῶν ὅτ' ἦξεν εἰς δόρυ.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ποῖόν τι μορφῆς σχῆμ' ἔχουσαν ἀγρίας ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

θώρακ' ἐχίδνης περιβόλοις ὀπλισμένον.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

τί δῆτα, θύγατερ, τοῦτο σοῖς ἐχθροῖς βλάβος ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

Ἐριχθόνιον οἶσθ' ἡ οὔ ; τί δ' οὐ μέλλεις, γέρον ;

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

1000 ὃν πρῶτον ὑμῶν πρόγονον ἐξανῆκε γῇ ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τούτῳ δίδωσι Παλλὰς ὄντι νεογόνῳ—

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

τί χρήμα ; μέλλον γάρ τι προσφέρεις ἔπος.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

δισσοὺς σταλαγμοὺς αἵματος Γοργοῦς ἄπο.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ἰσχὺν ἔχοντας τίνα πρὸς ἀνθρώπου φύσιν ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τὸν μὲν θανάσιμον, τὸν δ' ἀκεσφόρον νόσων.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ἐν τῷ καθάψας' ἀμφὶ παιδὶ σώματος ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

χρυσοῖσι δεσμοῖς· ὃ δὲ δίδωσ' ἐμῷ πατρί.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

κείνου δὲ κατθανόντος εἰς σ' ἀφίκετο ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ναί· κατὰ καρπῷ γ' αὐτ' ἐγὼ χερὸς φέρω.

ION

OLD SERVANT

Ay, named the Aegis, Pallas's array ?

CREUSA

Of Gods named, from her battle-eager charge.

OLD SERVANT

What was the fashion of its grisly form ?

CREUSA

A breastplate fenced with ring on ring of snakes.

OLD SERVANT

But, daughter, how shall this thing harm thy foes ?

CREUSA

Knowest thou Erichthonius ?—thou must.

OLD SERVANT

First father of your line, whom earth brought forth ? 1000

CREUSA

To him gave Pallas in his hour of birth—

OLD SERVANT

What ?—thy word falters in the utterance.

CREUSA

Two drops of blood—of that same Gorgon's blood.

OLD SERVANT

What power have they upon the life of man ?

CREUSA

For death one, one for healing of disease.

OLD SERVANT

And hung them on the child—wherein enclosed ?

CREUSA

A golden clasp. He gave it to my sire.

OLD SERVANT

And, when Erechtheus died, to thee it passed ?

CREUSA

Yea ; and I bear it ever on my wrist.

ΙΩΝ

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

1010 πῶς οὖν κέκρανται δίπτυχον δῶρον θεᾶς ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

κοίλης μὲν ὅστις φλεβὸς ἀπέσταξεν φόνω—

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

τί τῷδε χρῆσθαι ; δύνασιν ἐκφέρει τίνα ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

νόσους ἀπείργει καὶ τροφὰς ἔχει βίου.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ὁ δεύτερος δ' ἀριθμὸς ὃν λέγεις τί δρᾷ ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

κτείνει, δρακόντων ἰὸς ὧν τῶν Γοργόνης.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

εἰς ἐν δὲ κραθέντ' αὐτὸν ἥ χωρὶς φορεῖς ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

χωρὶς· κακῷ γὰρ ἐσθλὸν οὐ συμμίγνυται.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ὦ φιλτάτη παῖ, πάντ' ἔχεις ὅσων σε δεῖ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τούτῳ θανεῖται παῖς· σὺ δ' ὁ κτείνων ἔσει.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

1020 ποῦ καὶ τί δράσας ; σὸν λέγειν, τολμᾶν δ' ἐμόν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἐν ταῖς Ἀθήναις, δῶμ' ὅταν τοῦμὸν μόλῃ.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

οὐκ εὖ τόδ' εἶπας· καὶ σὺ γὰρ τοῦμὸν ψέγεις.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

πῶς ; ἄρ' ὑπείδου τοῦθ' ὃ καὶ ἐσέρχεται ;

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

σὺ παῖδα δόξεις διολέσαι, κεῖ μὴ κτενεῖς.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὀρθῶς· φθονεῖν γὰρ φασι μητρὸς τέκνοις.

ION

OLD SERVANT

How is the Goddess' gift twofold ordained ? 1010

CREUSA

Each drop that welled in death from the *hollow vein*—

OLD SERVANT

To what serves this ? What virtue beareth it ?

CREUSA

Averts diseases, fostereth the life.

OLD SERVANT

The second thou hast named—what doeth it ?

CREUSA

Slayeth : 'tis venom of the Gorgon's snakes.

OLD SERVANT

Mingled in one, or several, dost thou bear it ?

CREUSA

Several : good with evil blendeth not.

OLD SERVANT

O child, O dearest, thou hast all thy need !

CREUSA

Hereby the lad shall die, the slayer thou.

OLD SERVANT

Where ?—by what deed ? Thou tell, and I will dare. 1020

CREUSA

In Athens, when he cometh to mine home.

OLD SERVANT

Ill rede is thine—as mine was in thy sight.

CREUSA

Ha, doth thine heart's misgiving jump with mine ?

OLD SERVANT

Thou shouldst be murderess held, though innocent.

CREUSA

Even so—the old tale of stepdame's jealousy.

ΙΩΝ

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

· αὐτοῦ νυν αὐτὸν κτεῖν', ἵν' ἀρνήσει φόνους.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

· προλάζυμαι γοῦν τῷ χρόνῳ τῆς ἡδονῆς.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

καὶ σὸν γε λήσεις πόσιν ἅ σε σπεύδει λαθεῖν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οἶσθ' οὖν ὃ δρᾶσον ; χειρὸς ἐξ ἐμῆς λαβὼν
 χρύσωμ' Ἀθάνας τόδε, παλαιὸν ὄργανον,
 ἐλθὼν ἵν' ἡμῖν βουθυτεῖ λάθρα πόσις,
 δείπνων ὅταν λήγωσι καὶ σπονδὰς θεοῖς
 μέλλωσι λείβειν, ἐν πέπλοις ἔχων τόδε
 κάθες βαλὼν εἰς πῶμα τῷ νεανία,
 ἰδίᾳ δέ, μή τι πᾶσι, χωρίσας ποτὸν
 τῷ τῶν ἐμῶν μέλλοντι δεσπότην δόμων.
 κἄνπερ διέλθῃ λαιμόν, οὐποθ' ἴξεται
 κλεινὰς Ἀθήνας, κατθανὼν δ' αὐτοῦ μενεῖ.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

σὺ μὲν νυν εἴσω προξένων μέθες πόδα·
 ἡμεῖς δ' ἐφ' ᾧ τετάγμεθ' ἐκπονήσομεν.
 ἄγ', ὦ γεραιέ πούς, νεανίας γενοῦ
 ἔργοισι, κεῖ μὴ τῷ χρόνῳ πάρεστί σοι.
 ἐχθρὸν δ' ἐπ' ἄνδρα στεῖχε δεσποτῶν μέτα,
 καὶ συμφόνευσεν καὶ συνεξαίρει δόμων.
 τὴν δ' εὐσέβειαν εὐτυχοῦσι μὲν καλὸν
 τιμᾶν· ὅταν δὲ πολεμίους δρᾶσαι κακῶς
 θέλῃ τις, οὐδεὶς ἐμποδὼν κεῖται νόμος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Εἰνοδία θύγατερ Δάματρος, ἃ τῶν στρ. α'
 νυκτιπόλων ἐφόδων ἀνάσσεις,

ION

OLD SERVANT

Here slay him, then : so shall avail denial.

CREUSA

At least I shall the sooner taste that joy.

OLD SERVANT

Nor thy lord know thy knowledge of his secret.

CREUSA

Know'st then thy part ? Receive thou from mine hand
Athena's golden vial, wrought of old. 1030
Go where my lord holds this false sacrifice ;
And, in the banquet's pause, when men will pour
Wine to the Gods, this have thou 'neath thy cloak,
And swiftly drop into the stripling's cup,—
That for his drinking, not the general bowl,—
Even his who seeks to lord it o'er mine house.
If once it pass his lips, ne'er shall he come
To glorious Athens : here shall he stay—dead.

OLD SERVANT

Unto thine host's house now withdraw thy foot ;
And I through mine appointed task will toil. 1040
Come, aged foot, for deeds must thou grow young,
Though this be not by time vouchsafed to thee.
On, with thy mistress on, against the foe !
Help her to slay and cast him forth her home.
Fair faith ?—O yea, fair faith for fortune fair :
But, when ye would wreak vengeance on your foes,
There is no law that lieth in the path.

[*Exeunt* CREUSA and OLD SERVANT.]

CHORUS

(*Str.* 1)

Goddess of Highways, Demeter's Daughter,¹
Queen of the nightmare darkness-ranger,

¹ Hekate, goddess of sorcery and secret poisoning. She haunted places where roads crossed each other, and at night sent up demons and phantoms from Hades.

- 1050 καὶ μεθαμερίων ὄδωσον δυσθανάτων
 κρατήρων πληρώματ', ἐφ' οἷσι πέμπει
 πότνια πότνι' ἐμὰ χθονίας
 Ἰοργοῦς λαιμοτόμων ἀπὸ σταλαγμῶν
 τῷ τῶν Ἑρεχθεϊδᾶν
 δόμων ἐφαπτομένῳ
 μηδέ ποτ' ἄλλος ἄλλων ἀπ' οἴκων
 πόλεως ἀνάσσοι
 1060 πλὴν τῶν εὐγενετᾶν Ἑρεχθειδᾶν.

- εἰ δ' ἀτελὴς θάνατος σπουδαί τε δεσποί- ἀντ. α'
 νας, ὃ τε καιρὸς ἄπεισι τόλμας,
 ἃ τε νῦν φέρετ' ἐλπίς, ἣ θηκτὸν ξίφος ἣ
 λαιμῶν¹ ἐξάψει βρόχον ἀμφὶ δειρήν,
 πάθεισι πάθεα δ' ἐξανύτουσ'
 εἰς ἄλλας βιότου κάτεισι μορφάς.
 οὐ γὰρ δόμων γ' ἐτέρους
 1070 ἄρχοντας ἀλλοδαποὺς
 ζῶσά ποτ' ὁμμάτων ἐν φαενναῖς
 ἀνέχοιτ' ἀν ἀνγαῖς
 ἅ τῶν εὐπατριδᾶν γεγῶσ' οἴκων.

αἰσχύνομαι τὸν πολύνυμνον στρ. β'
 θεόν, εἰ παρὰ καλλιχόροισι παγαῖς
 λαμπάδα θεωρὸν εἰκάδων

¹ Scaliger : for MSS. δαίμων.

ION

Guide thou the hand that for noontide slaughter 1050
 Shall fill up the chalice, my lady's avenger,
 Which beareth the venom-gouts that fell
 From the neck of the Gorgon, the fiend of hell,
 My lady's greeting-gift to the stranger
 That usurpeth Erechtheus' royal sway,
 That an alien of alien strain in our Athens never
 may reign,
 But the noble Erechtheids—none save they! 1060
 (*Ant. 1*)
 But—the death unaccomplished?—the deed un-
 abetted
 Of the hour, and my mistress's purposes ended,
 And the hopes that upbore her?—remains the
 sword whetted; [pendent;
 Remaineth the neck in the death-noose sus-
 And, by agony ending the agony-strife,
 Shall she pass to the life beyond this life.
 For never this queen from kings descended
 Shall endure that the splendour-light of her 1070
 eyne, [the ancient hall
 No, not while she liveth, should fall on the shame of
 Ruled by the upstart of alien line.

Shame for the God oft-chanted ¹ (*Str. 2*)
 In hymns, if *he*,²
 Beside the fountains haunted
 Of dances, see

¹ Dionysus, worshipped in the Eleusinian Mysteries with Demeter and Persephone. The 20th of Boëdromion was ushered in by a vast torch-light procession in which those newly initiated, who had kept vigil in the temple, joined.

² Ion, whose presence, as that of an alien by blood, would be profanation, yet whose initiation could, as a matter of policy, not be avoided.

ΙΩΝ

ὄψεται ἐννύχιος ἄνπνος ὦν,
 ὅτε καὶ Διὸς ἀστερωπὸς
 ἀνεχόρευσεν αἰθήρ,
 1080 χορεύει δὲ σελάνα
 καὶ πεντήκοντα κόραι
 Νηρέος, αἱ κατὰ πόντον
 ἀενάων τε ποταμῶν
 δίνας χορευόμεναι,
 τὰν χρυσοστέφανον κόραν
 καὶ ματέρα σεμνάν·
 ἵν' ἐλπίζει βασιλεύσειν
 ἄλλων πόνον εἰσπεσῶν
 ὁ Φοῖβειος ἀλάτας.

1090 ὁράθ' ὅσοι δυσκελάδοισιν ἀντ. β
 κατὰ μοῦσαν ἰόντες αἰείδεθ' ὕμνοις
 ἀμέτερα λέχεα καὶ γάμους
 Κύπριδος ἀθεμίτους ἀνοσίους,
 ὅσον εὐσεβία κρατοῦμεν
 ἄδικον ἄροτον ἀνδρῶν.
 παλίμφαμος αἰοιδὰ
 καὶ μοῦσ' εἰς ἄνδρας ἵτω
 δυσκέλαδος ἀμφὶ λέκτρων,

ION

With eyes long held from sleep
That Twentieth Dawn upleap,
See the torch-river's sweep, ere darkness flee,

When dances heaven star-glancing

Adoringly,

When the white moon is dancing,

1080

And 'neath the sea

The Nereids' dance-cirings

The eternal river-springs,

And their full chorus sings Persephone

Gold-crowned, and our Earth-mother -

Awful is she !—

Shall *he* press in, that other,

To sovrantry ?

Shall not his hopes be foiled ?—

Where kings and heroes toiled, [fee ?

Shall that proud realm be spoiled, a vagrant's

Mark—ye whose strains of slander (*Ant.* 2) 1090

Scourge evermore

Woman in song, and brand her

Wanton and whore,—

How high in virtue's place

We pass men's lawless race,

Nor spit in viper-lays your venom-store ;

But let the Muse of taunting

On men's heads pour

Her indignation, chanting

Her treason-lore ;

Sing of the outraged maid ;

Tell of the wife betrayed

By him who hath displayed his false heart's

core,—

ΙΩΝ

1100 δείκνυσι γὰρ ὁ Διὸς ἐκ
παίδων ἀμνημοσύναν,
οὐ κοινὰν τεκέων τύχαν
οἴκοισι φυτεύσας
δεσποίνα· πρὸς δ' Ἀφροδίταν
ἄλλαν θέμενος χάριν
νόθου παιδὸς ἔκυρσεν.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ ΚΡΕΟΥΣΗΣ

κλεινὴν, γυναῖκες, ποῦ κόρην Ἐρέχθέως
δέσποιναν εὔρω ; πανταχῇ γὰρ ἄστεως
ζητῶν νιν ἐξέπλησα κούκ ἔχω λαβεῖν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1110 τί δ' ἔστιν, ὦ ξύνδουλε ; τίς προθυμία
ποδῶν ἔχει σε, καὶ λόγους τίνας φέρεις ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ ΚΡΕΟΥΣΗΣ

θηρώμεθ'· ἀρχαὶ δ' ἀπιχώριοι χθονὸς
ζητοῦσιν αὐτήν, ὡς θάνῃ πετρουμένη.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οἴμοι, τί λέξεις ; οὔτι που λελήμμεθα
κρυφαῖον εἰς παῖδ' ἐκπορίζουσαι φόνον ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ ΚΡΕΟΥΣΗΣ

ἔγνωσ'· μεθέξεις δ' οὐκ ἐν ὑστάτοις κακοῦ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ᾧφθη δὲ πῶς τὰ κρυπτὰ μηχανήματα ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ ΚΡΕΟΥΣΗΣ

τὸ μὴ δίκαιον τῆς δίκης ἡσώμενον
ἐξηῦρεν ὁ θεός, οὐ μανθῆναι θέλων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1120 πῶς ; ἀντιάζω σ' ἰκέτις ἐξειπεῖν τάδε.
πεπυσμέναι γὰρ εἰ θανεῖν ἡμᾶς χρεῶν,
ἥδιον ἂν θάνοιμεν, εἴθ' ὁρᾶν φάος.

ION

This son of Zeus,¹ who flouted
A queen's heart, sore
With childless hunger, scouted
Troth-plight of yore :
Her right aside he thrust,
And mocked a nation's trust
For one that to his lust this bastard bore !

Enter SERVANT in haste.

SERVANT

Where, damsels, shall I light upon our mistress,
Erechtheus' daughter ? All throughout the town
Seeking her have I ranged, and find her not.

CHORUS

What is it, fellow-thrall ? What hot-foot haste
Possesseth thee ? What tidings bearest thou ?

SERVANT

We are hunted ! Yea, the rulers of the land
Are seeking her, that she may die by stoning.

CHORUS

Ah me ! what say'st thou ? Are we taken then
Plotting the secret murder of yon lad ?

SERVANT

Yea, thou wilt share the doom—nor thou the last.

CHORUS

How were the hidden stratagems laid bare ?

SERVANT

The essay of right to vanquish wrong the God
Discovered, lest his temple be defiled.

CHORUS

How ?—suppliant I beseech thee, tell it out.
For, knowing all, if I indeed must die,
Death should be easier—yea, or sweeter life.

¹ Xuthus, descended through Aeolus from Zeus.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ ΚΡΕΟΥΣΗΣ

- ἐπεὶ θεοῦ μαντεῖον ὄχρετ' ἐκλιπὼν
 πόσις Κρεούσης, παῖδα τὸν καινὸν λαβὼν
 πρὸς δεῖπνα θυσίας θ' ἅς θεοῖς ὠπλίζετο,
 Ξοῦθος μὲν ὄχρετ' ἐνθα πῦρ πηδᾶ θεοῦ
 βακχείον, ὡς σφαγαῖσι Διονύσου πέτρας
 δεύσειε δισσὰς παιδὸς ἀντ' ὀπτηρίων,
 λέξας· σὺ μὲν νῦν, τέκνον, ἀμφήρεις μένων
 σκηναὺς ἀνίστη τεκτόνων μοχθήμασιν.
- 1130 θύσας δὲ γενέταις θεοῖσιν ἦν μακρὸν χρόνον
 μένω, παροῦσι δαῖτες ἔστωσαν φίλοις.
 λαβὼν δὲ μόσχους ὄχεθ'· ὁ δὲ νεανίας
 σεμνῶς ἀτοίχους περιβολὰς σκηνωμάτων
 ὀρθοστάταις ἰδρύεθ', ἡλίου βολὰς
 καλῶς φυλάξας, οὔτε πρὸς μέσας φλογὸς
 ἀκτῖνας, οὔτ' αὖ πρὸς τελευτώσας βίον,
 πλέθρου σταθμήσας μῆκος εἰς εὐγωνίαν,
 μέτρημ' ἔχουσιν τοῦν μέσῳ γε μυρίων
 ποδῶν ἀριθμόν, ὡς λέγουσιν οἱ σοφοί,
- 1140 ὡς πάντα Δελφῶν λαὸν εἰς θσίην καλῶν.
 λαβὼν δ' ὑφάσμαθ' ἱερὰ θησαυρῶν πάρα
 κατεσκίαζε, θαύματ' ἀνθρώποις ὁρᾶν.
 πρῶτον μὲν ὀρόφῳ πτέρυγα περιβάλλει πέπλων
 ἀνάθημα Δίου παιδός, οὗς Ἡρακλῆς
 Ἀμαζόνων σκυλεύματ' ἤνεγκεν θεῷ.
 ἐνῇ δ' ὑφάνται γράμμασιν τοιαῖδ' ὑφαί·
 Οὐρανὸς ἀθροίζων ἄστρ' ἐν αἰθέρος κύκλῳ
 ἵππους μὲν ἤλαν' εἰς τελευταίαν φλόγα
 Ἥλιος, ἐφέλκων λαμπρὸν Ἑσπέρου φάος.
- 1150 μελάμπεπλος δὲ Νύξ ἀσεύρωτον ζυγοῖς
 ὄχημ' ἐπαλλεν· ἄστρα δ' ὠμάρτει θεᾷ.
 Πλειὰς μὲν ἦει μεσοπόρου δι' αἰθέρος,

ION

SERVANT

Soon as Creusa's lord had left the fane
Of Phoebus, taking his new son with him
For that thanksgiving-feast and sacrifice,
Xuthus went up to where the Wine-god's fire
Leaps heavenward, to make wet with victims' blood
Dionysus' twin rocks for the son new-found ;
And spake, " Abide now, son, and set thou up
A wide-embracing tent by craftsmen's toil.
If, sacrificing to the Birth-gods, long
I tarry, feast thy friends assembled there." 1130

So took the calves and went. And now the youth
The unwall'd pavilion's compass solemnly
With tall masts reared, with good heed lest the sun
Should dart therein his shafts of midnoon-flame,
Or the slant javelin-gleams of dying day.
A hundred feet he meted out foursquare,—
Having for compass of its space within
Ten thousand, as the cunning craftsmen say,—
As bidding to the feast all Delphi's folk. 1140
With sacred tapestries from the treasures
He screened it, marvellous for men to see.
First with a canopy of shawls he ceiled it,
The offering of Zeus' son, which Hercules
Brought to the God, the Amazonian spoils.

Therein were webs of woven blazonry :—
Heaven shepherding his stars in folds of air :
His steeds the Sun drave to their goal of fire,
After him drawing the bright Evening Star.
And sable-vestured Night with team of twain 1150
Upfloated ; and the stars companioned her.
The Pleiad swam her mid-sky path along,

ὃ τε ξιφήρης Ὀρίων· ὑπερθε δὲ
 Ἄρκτος στρέφουσ' οὐραῖα χρυσήρει πόλῳ.
 κύκλος δὲ πανσέληνος ἠκόντιζ' ἄνω
 μηνὸς διχήρης, Ἰάδες τε ναυτίλοις
 σαφέστατον σημείον, ἥ τε φωσφόρος
 Ἔως διώκουσ' ἄστρα. τοίχοισιν δ' ἔπι
 ἡμπισχεν ἄλλα βαρβάρων ὑφάσματα,
 1160 εὐηρέτους ναῦς ἀντίας Ἑλληνίσιν,
 καὶ μιξόθηρας φώτας, ἱππείας τ' ἄγρας,
 εἰλίφων λεόντων τ' ἀγρίων θηράματα.
 κατ' εἰσόδους δὲ Κέκροπα θυγατέρων πέλας
 σπείραισιν εἰλίσσοντ', Ἀθηναίων τινὸς
 ἰνώθημα· χρυσεύς τ' ἐν μέσῳ συσσιτίῳ
 κρατήρας ἔστησ'. ἐν δ' ἄκροισι βὰς ποσὶ
 κήρυξ ἀνείπε τὸν θέλοντ' ἐγχωρίων
 ἐς δαῖτα χωρεῖν. ὥς δ' ἐπληρώθη στέγη,
 1170 στεφάνοισι κοσμηθέντες εὐόχθου βορᾶς
 ψυχὴν ἐπλήρουν. ὥς δ' ἀνείσαν ἡδονήν,
 σκηνῆς¹ παρελθὼν πρέσβυς εἰς μέσον πέδον
 ἔστη, γέλων δ' ἔθηκε συνδείπνοις πολύν,
 πρόθυμα πράσσων· ἔκ τε γὰρ κρωσσῶν ὕδωρ
 χεροῖν ἔπεμπε νίπτρα, κάξεθυμία
 σμύρνης ἰδρῶτα, χρυσεύς τ' ἐκπωμάτων
 ἦρχ', αὐτὸς αὐτῷ τόνδε προστάξας πόνον.
 ἐπεὶ δ' ἐς αὐλοὺς ἦκον ἐς κρατήρά τε
 κοινόν, γέρων ἔλεξ'. ἀφαρπάζειν χρεὼν
 1180 οἶνηρά τεύχη σμικρά, μεγάλα δ' εἰσφέρειν,
 ὥς θᾶσσον ἔλθωσ' οἷδ' ἐς ἡδονὰς φρενῶν.
 ἦν δὲ φερόντων μόχθος ἀργυρηλάτους
 χρυσέας τε φιάλας· ὁ δὲ λαβὼν ἐξαίρετον,
 ὥς τῷ νέφῳ δὴ δεσπότη χάριν φέρων,

¹ Barnes: to supply lacuna in MSS.

ION

And sword-begirt Orion ; and, above, [sphere.
 The Bear's tail wheeled around the gold-gemmed
 The Moon's full circle of the parted month
 Shot silver shafts : the Hyads, surest sign
 To shipmen ; and the Light-uplifter, Dawn,
 Chasing the star-rout. And upon the walls
 Draped he yet other orient tapestries :
 Galleys with oars that charged on ships of Greece, 1160
 Monsters half-brute, steeds flying in the chase,
 Huntings of stags and lions of the wold.
 At the doors Cecrops coiling spire on spire
 Amidst his daughters—some Athenian's gift
 Of worship. In the banquet's midst he set
 The golden bowls. Forth stately pacing then
 A herald cried, "What Delphian will soe'er,
 Come to the feast!" And when the tent was
 thronged,
 With garlands crowned they satisfied their souls
 With plenteous meat. And when they would no more, 1170
 An old man entered in, and in their midst
 Stood, and his busy zeal oft stirred to mirth
 The banqueters. He drew from drinking-ewers
 Water for cleansing hands ; for incense burnt
 Balsam of myrrh, and of the golden cups
 Took charge—yea, laid this office on himself.
 But when the flutes 'gan play, and mazer-bowls
 Were mixed, the greybeard spake, "Take hence
 forthright
 These tiny wine-cups—ample beakers bring,
 That my lords' hearts the sooner may be merry." 1180
 Then toiled we bearing goblets silver-chased
 And golden ; and he took a chosen one,
 As rendering worship to his new-made lord,

ἔδωκε πλήρες τεύχος, εἰς οἶνον βαλὼν
 ὃ φασὶ δοῦναι φάρμακον δραστήριον
 δέσποιναν, ὡς παῖς ὁ νέος ἐκλίποι φάος·
 κούδεις τὰδ' ἦδεν· ἐν χεροῖν ἔχοντι δὲ
 σπονδὰς μετ' ἄλλων παιδὶ τῷ πεφηνότι
 βλασφημίαν τις οἰκετῶν ἐφθέγγετο·
 1190 ὁ δ', ὡς ἐν ἱερῷ μίντεσιν τ' ἐσθλοῖς τραφεῖς,
 οἰωνὸν ἔθετο, κικέλευσ' ἄλλον νέον
 κρατήρα πλερύν· τὰς δὲ πρὶν σπονδὰς θεοῦ
 δίδωσι γαῖα, πᾶσί τ' ἐκσπένδειν λέγει.
 σιγῇ δ' ὑπήλθεν. ἐκ δ' ἐπίμπλαμεν δρύσου
 κρατήρας ἱεροῦς Βυβλίνου τε πώματος.
 καὶν τῷδε μοχθῶ πτηνὸς εἰσπίπτει δόμους
 κῶμος πελειῶν· Λοξίου γὰρ ἐν δόμοις
 ἄτρεστα ναίουσ'· ὡς δ' ἀπέσπεισαν μέθυ,
 1200 εἰς αὐτὸ χεῖλη πώματος κεχρημένα
 καθείσαν, εἰλκον δ' εὐπτέρους ἐς αὐχένας.
 καὶ ταῖς μὲν ἄλλαις ἄνοσος ἦν λουιβή θεοῦ·
 ἢ δ' ἔζετ' ἐνθ' ὁ καινὸς ἔσπεισεν γόνος,
 ποτοῦ τ' ἐγεύσατ', εὐθὺς εὐπτερον δέμας
 ἔσεισε κάβάκχευσεν, ἐκ δ' ἐκλαγξ' ὅπα
 ἀξύνετον αἰάζουσ'· ἐθάμβησεν δὲ πᾶς
 θοινατόρων ὄμιλος ὄρνιθος πόνους·
 θνήσκει δ' ἀπασπαίρουσα, φοινικοσκελεῖς
 χηλὰς παρείσα. γυμνὰ δ' ἐκ πέπλων μέλη
 1210 ὑπὲρ τραπέζης ἦχ' ὁ μαντευτὸς γόνος,
 βοᾷ δέ τίς μ' ἐμελλεν ἀνθρώπων κτανεῖν ;
 σήμαινε, πρέσβυ· σὴ γὰρ ἡ προθυμία,
 καὶ πῶμα χειρὸς σῆς ἐδεξάμην πάρα.
 εὐθὺς δ' ἐρευνᾷ γραῖαν ὠλένην λαβών,
 ἐπ' αὐτοφώρῳ πρέσβυν ὡς ἔχονθ' ἔλοι.

ION

And gave the chalice brimmed, first casting in
 The drug death-working, which our mistress gave,
 Men say, that her new son might leave the light.
 None marked ;—but as the god-discovered heir
 Raised with the rest the God's cup in his hand,
 He heard some servant speak a word unmeet.
 He, temple-reared, perfect in bodement-lore, 1190
 Held it for ominous, bade fill up with wine
 Another bowl ; that first drink-offering
 He cast to earth, and bade all do the like.
 Then fell a hush. With water brimmed we up
 And Bybline wine the sacred mixing-bowls.

Then midst our toils a flight of doves dropt down
 In the pavilion ; for in Loxias' halls
 Unfrayed they dwell, and when men spilled the
 wine,
 The thirsty innocents dipped their beaks therein, 1200
 And drew it down their dainty-feathered throats.
 And none the God's libation harmed—save one,
 Which lighted where the new heir spilled the wine.
 She sipped the drink—her dainty-feathered frame
 Quivered and staggered : an unmeaning scream ¹
 She shrilled of anguish : marvelled all the throng
 Of banqueters to see her agonies.
 One fierce convulsion—the pink claws uncramped ;
 And she was dead. That child of prophecy
 Bared of his cloak his limbs, leapt o'er the board,
 Shouting “ Who goeth about to murder me ? 1210
 Old man, declare !—thine was the eager zeal,—
 Yea, from thine hand did I receive the cup ! ”
 He clutched his withered arm, he searched him o'er
 To take the ancient in the very fact.

¹ The ordinary note of the bird was significant in augury.

ὥφθη δὲ καὶ κατεῖπ' ἀναγκασθεὶς μόγις
 τόλμας Κρεούσης πώματός τε μηχανάς.
 θεῖ δ' εὐθύς ἔξω συλλαβὼν θοινάτορας
 ὁ πυθόχρηστος Λοξίου νεανίας,
 1220 καὶν κοιράνοισι Πυθικοῖς σταθεὶς λέγει·
 ὦ γαῖα σεμνή, τῆς Ἑρεχθέως ὑπο
 ξένης γυναικὸς φαρμάκοισι θνήσκομεν.
 Δελφῶν δ' ἄνακτες ὥρισαν πετρορριφή
 θανεῖν ἐμὴν δέσποιναν οὐ ψήφῳ μιᾷ,
 τὸν ἱερὸν ὡς κτείνουσιν ἐν τ' ἀνακτόροις
 φόνον τιθεῖσαν. πᾶσα δὲ ζητεῖ πόλις
 τὴν ἀθλίως σπεύσασαν ἀθλίαν ὁδόν·
 παίδων γὰρ ἐλθοῦς' εἰς ἔρον Φοῖβον πάρα,
 τὸ σῶμα κοινῇ τοῖς τέκνοις ἀπώλεσεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ἔστ' οὐκ ἔστιν θανάτου
 1230 παρατροπὰ μελέα μοι·
 φανερά γὰρ φανερά τάδ' ἤδη
 σπονδᾶς ἐκ Διονύσου
 βοτρυῶν θοᾶς ἐχίδνας
 σταγόσι μιγνυμένας φόνῳ,
 φανερά θύματα νερτέρων,
 συμφοραὶ μὲν ἐμῷ βίῳ,
 λεύσιμοι δὲ καταφθοραὶ δεσποίνα.
 τίνα φυγὰν πτεροέσσαν ἢ
 1240 χθονὸς ὑπὸ σκοτίων μυχῶν
 πορευθῶ, θανάτου λεύσιμον ἄταν
 ἀποφεύγουσα, τεθρίππων
 ὠκίσταν χαλὰν ἐπιβᾶς,
 ἢ πρύμνας ἐπὶ ναῶν ;
 οὐκ ἔστι λαθεῖν, ὅτε μὴ χρήζων
 θεὸς ἐκκλέπτει.

ION

Detected, tortured, scarce even then he told
 Creusa's desperate deed, the poison-plot.
 Straightway, the feasters with him, hurries forth
 The stripling given by Loxias' oracle,
 Before the Pythian nobles stands, and cries,
 "O hallowed land, by poison is my death 1220
 Sought of Erechtheus' child, the alien dame!"
 Then Delphi's lords by general vote decreed
 That from the precipice hurled my queen should die,
 As compassing a priest's death, planning murder
 Within the precinct. All the city seeks her
 Who sped on wretched mission wretchedly.
 Drawn by desire of babes to Phoebus' fane,
 She hath lost her life and children therewithal.

CHORUS

There is no hiding-place from death for me,
 None: woe is me, it is the end! 1230
 All is laid bare for all men's eyes to see—
 The cup, the murder-blend
 Of gouts of viper-blood swift for life's quelling,
 Mid Bacchus' clusters shed;
 Drink-offering—yea, to them in darkness dwelling,
 Gods of the dead.

Ruin is my life's portion—ah, *her* doom!
 Stones raining death upon my queen!
 Oh had I wings, or could but plunge to gloom
 Under the earth, to screen
 Mine head from horror of the stones down-beating!
 Oh, borne on four-horsed car, 1240
 To hear the hurrying hoofs!—to see waves fleeting
 Astern afar!

There is no hope,—except a God befriending
 Should snatch us from men's sight.

ΙΩΝ

τί ποτ', ὦ μελέα δέσποινα, μένει
 ψυχῇ σε παθεῖν ; ἄρα θέλουσαι
 δρᾶσαί τι κακὸν τοὺς πέλας αὐταὶ
 πεισόμεθ', ὥσπερ τὸ δίκαιον ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

1250 πρόσπολοι, διωκόμεσθα θανασίμους ἐπὶ σφαγάς,
 Πυθίᾳ ψήφῳ κρατηθεῖς', ἔκδοτος δὲ γίγνομαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἴσμεν, ὦ τάλαινα, τὰς σὰς συμφοράς, ἵν' εἴ
 τύχης.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ποῖ φύγω δῆτ' ; ἐκ γὰρ οἴκων προύλαβον μόγισ
 πόδα,
 μὴ θανεῖν κλοπῇ δ' ἀφίγμαι διαφυγούσα πολε-
 μίους.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ποῖ δ' ἂν ἄλλος' ἢ 'πὶ βωμόν ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

καὶ τί μοι πλέον τόδε ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰκέτιν οὐ θέμις φονεύειν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τῷ νόμῳ δέ γ' ὀλλυμαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

χειρία γ' ἄλουσα.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

καὶ μὴν οἶδ' ἀγωνισταὶ πικροὶ
 δεῦρ' ἐπείγονται ξιφήρεις.

ION

O hapless queen, upon thy life what ending
Of agony shall light!
O God! is justice' sword on *us* descending,
Who thought to smite?

Enter CREUSA in haste.

CREUSA

Maidens, I am chased : the blood-hounds are upon
my track to slay ; 1250
For the Pythian vote hath doomed me, given me up
to be their prey !

CHORUS

Hapless queen, we know it, know the ruin over-
shadowing thee.

CREUSA

Whither fly ? What refuge ? Scarce from forth the
house my feet could flee
Ere the death rushed in. Through throngs of foe-
men slipt I stealthily.

CHORUS

What thy refuge save the altar ?

CREUSA

How shall this avail my need ?

CHORUS

Impious 'tis to slay the suppliant.

CREUSA

Yet the law my death decreed.

CHORUS

Ay, but first their hands must hold thee.

CREUSA

Lo, the swords !—they come, the feet
Of the ministers of death !

ΙΩΝ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἵζε νυν πυρᾶς ἔπι.

1260 ἦν θάνης γὰρ ἐνθάδ' οὔσα, τοῖς ἀποκτείνασί σε
προστρόπαιον αἶμα θήσεις· οἷστέον δὲ τὴν τύχην.

ΙΩΝ

ὦ ταυρόμορφον ὄμμα Κηφισοῦ πατρός,
οἶαν ἔχιδναν τήνδ' ἔφυσας ἢ πυρὸς
δράκοντ' ἀναβλέποντα φοινίαν φλόγα,
ἦ τόλμα πᾶσ' ἔνεστιν, οὐδ' ἦσσω ἐφ'
Γοργούς σταλαγμῶν, οἷς ἔμελλέ με κτανεῖν.
λάζυσθ', ἵν' αὐτῆς τοὺς ἀκηράτους πλόκους
κόμης καταξήνωσι Παρνασοῦ πλάκες,
ὅθεν πετραῖον ἄλμα δισκηθήσεται.
ἐσθλοῦ δ' ἔκυρσα δαίμονος, πρὶν ἐς πολιν
1270 μολεῖν Ἀθηνῶν χυτὸ μητρυιὰν πεσεῖν.
ἐν συμμάχοις γὰρ ἀνεμετρησάμην φρένας
τὰς σάς, ὅσον μοι πῆμα δυσμενῆς τ' ἔφυς·
εἴσω γὰρ ἄν με περιβαλοῦσα δικτύων
ἄρδην ἂν ἐξέπεμψας εἰς Ἀιδου δόμους.
ἀλλ' οὔτε βωμὸς οὔτ' Ἀπόλλωνος δόμος
σώσει σ'. ὁ δ' οἶκτος ὁ σὸς ἐμοὶ κρείσσω πάρα
καὶ μητρὶ τήμῃ· καὶ γὰρ εἰ τὸ σῶμά μοι
ἄπεστιν αὐτῆς, τοῦνομ' οὐκ ἄπεστί πω.
ἴδεσθε τὴν πανοῦργον, ἐκ τέχνης τέχνην
1280 οἶαν ἔπλεξε· βωμὸν ἔπτηξεν θεοῦ,
ὥς οὐ δίκην δώσουσα τῶν εἰργασμένων.

ION

CHORUS

Upon the altar take thy seat ;
For, if here they slay thee, shall thy blood to heaven
for vengeance call
On the murderers.

[CREUSA *seats herself on the altar, grasping
it with her hands.*

So :—and now to bear what fate soe'er befall. 1260

Enter ION with armed men followed by a crowd.

ION

O form bull-shapen of her sire Cephisus,¹
What viper of thy blood is this, or what
Dragon up-glaring murderous flame of fire !
Full of all hardihood, not less fell she is [death.
Than Gorgon's blood, wherewith she sought my
Seize her !—Parnassus' jagged terraces
Shall card the dainty tresses of her hair,
When quoitwise down the rocks she shall be hurled.
O grace of fortune, ere to Athens town
I came, and fell beneath a stepdame's power, 1270
Begirt with friends I sounded thy soul's depths,
Knew thee my bane, and measured all thine hate !
For, had thy nets ensnared me in thine home,
Me with one fling thou hadst hurled to Hades' halls.
Nay—not the altar, not Apollo's house
Shall save thee ! Ruth for thee !—rather for me
And for my mother :—though she be afar
In body, ever her name is in mine heart.
See her, vile monster ! Webs on webs of guile
She weaves ! At Phoebus' altar hath she crouched, 1280
As though she should not suffer for her deeds !
Beckons to the guards, who advance irresolutely.

¹ Praxithea, Creusa's mother, was grand-daughter of this River-god.

ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἀπεννέπω σε μὴ κατακτείνειν ἐμὲ
ὑπέρ τ' ἐμαντῆς τοῦ θεοῦ θ' ἵν' ἔσταμεν.

ΙΩΝ

τί δ' ἐστὶ Φοίβῳ σοί τε κοινὸν ἐν μέσῳ ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἱερὸν τὸ σῶμα τῷ θεῷ δίδωμ' ἔχειν.

ΙΩΝ

καὶ τ' ἔκτανες σὺ φαρμάκοις τὸν τοῦ θεοῦ ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἀλλ' οὐκέτ' ἦσθα Λοξίου, πατὴρ δὲ σου.

ΙΩΝ

ἀλλ' ἐγενόμεσθα, πατὴρ δὲ ἀπουσίαν¹ λέγω.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐκ οὖν τότ' ἦσθα ; νῦν δ' ἐγώ, σὺ δ' οὐκέτ' εἶ.

ΙΩΝ

1290 οὐκ εὐσεβής γε· τὰμὰ δ' εὐσεβῇ τότ' ἦν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἔκτεινά σ' ὄντα πολέμιον δόμοις ἐμοῖς.

ΙΩΝ

οὗτοι σὺν ὄπλοις ἦλθον εἰς τὴν σὴν χθόνα.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

μάλιστα· καπὶμπρας γ' Ἐρεχθέως δόμους.

ΙΩΝ

ποίοισι πανοῖς ἢ πυρὸς ποία φλογί ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἐμελλες οἰκεῖν τὰμ', ἐμοῦ βία λαβών.

ΙΩΝ

πατὴρ γὰρ γῆν διδόντος ἦν ἐκτήσατο.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τοῖς Αἰόλου δὲ πῶς μετὴν τῆς Παλλάδος ;

¹ Seidler : for δ' οὐσίαν of MSS.

ION

CREUSA

I warn thee, slay me not—for mine own sake,
And the God's sake, upon whose floor we stand !

ION

Phoebus—and thou? What part hast thou in Phoebus?

CREUSA

Myself I give to the God, a sacred thing.

ION

Thou sacred?—who didst poison the God's child !

CREUSA

Thou Loxias' child !—his never, but thy sire's.

ION

His I became while father I had none.

CREUSA

Ay, then :—now, I am his, thou his no more.

ION

Blasphemer !—his? His reverent child was I.

1290

CREUSA

I did but seek to slay mine house's foe.

ION

I came not sword in hand against thy land.

CREUSA

No?—Thou wouldst set Erechtheus' halls aflame.

ION

Yea? With what brands or with what flame of fire?

CREUSA

In mine house wouldst thou dwell, take mine by force.

ION

Take?—my sire *gives* the land that he hath won.

CREUSA

What part have Aeolus' sons in Pallas' land?

ΙΩΝ

ΙΩΝ

ὄπλοισιν αὐτήν, οὐ λόγοις ἐρρύσατο.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἐπίκουρος οἰκήτωρ γ' ἂν οὐκ εἷη χθονός.

ΙΩΝ

1300 κάπειτα τοῦ μέλλειν μ' ἀπέκτεινες φόβῳ ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὥς μὴ θάνοιμί γ', εἰ σὺ μὴ μέλλων τύχοις.

ΙΩΝ

φθονεῖς ἅπαις οὐς', εἰ πατὴρ ἐξηῦρέ με.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

σὺ τῶν ἀτέκνων δῆτ' ἀναρπάσεις δόμους ;

ΙΩΝ

ἡμῖν δέ γ' ἀλλὰ πατρικῆς οὐκ ἦν μέρος ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὅς' ἀσπὶς ἔγχος θ' ἦδε σοὶ παμπησία.

ΙΩΝ

ἔκλειπε βωμὸν καὶ θεηλάτους ἔδρας.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τὴν σὴν ὅπου σοι μητέρ' ἐστὶ νουθέτει.

ΙΩΝ

σὺ δ' οὐχ ὑφέξεις ζημίαν, κτείνουσ' ἐμέ ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἦν γ' ἐντὸς ἀδύτων τῶνδ' ἐμε σφάζαι θέλης.

ΙΩΝ

1310 τίς ἡδονή σοι θεοῦ θανεῖν ἐν στέμμασι ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

λυπήσομέν τιν', ὧν λελυπήμεσθ' ὕπο.

ΙΩΝ

φεῦ.

δεινὸν γε, θνητοῖς τοὺς νόμους ὥς οὐ καλῶς
ἔθηκεν ὁ θεὸς οὐδ' ἀπὸ γνώμης σοφῆς.

ION

ION

He was her saviour—and with arms, not words.

CREUSA

Should allies in possession take the land !

ION

Fearing what *might* await thee, thou wouldst slay me ? 1300

CREUSA

Ay, lest thou haply wait not, but slay me !

ION

Childless, dost grudge my father finding me ?

CREUSA

What, shalt thou seize all childless parents' homes ?

ION

Had I no part at least in my sire's wealth ?

CREUSA

His wealth !—a shield and spear. Take that thine is.

ION

Hence !—leave the altar and the hallowed seat !

CREUSA

Lesson thy mother, wheresoe'er she be.

ION

Shalt thou not suffer, who wouldst murder me ?

CREUSA

Yea—if thou dare to slay me mid the shrines.

ION

What joy hast thou mid Phoebus' wreaths to die ? 1310

CREUSA

So shall I trouble Him who troubled me.

ION

Out upon this !

Shame, that a God ordained unrighteous laws
For mortals, statutes not in wisdom framed !

ΙΩΝ

τοὺς μὲν γὰρ ἀδίκους βωμὸν οὐχ ἔζειν ἐχρῆν,
ἀλλ' ἐξελαύνειν· οὐδὲ γὰρ ψαύειν καλὸν
θεῶν πονηρὰν χεῖρα· τοῖσι δ' ἐνδίοις
ἱερὰ καθίζειν, ὅστις ἡδικεῖτ', ἐχρῆν,
καὶ μὴ 'πὶ ταὐτὸ τοῦτ' ἰόντ' ἔχειν ἴσον
τόν τ' ἐσθλὸν ὄντα τόν τε μὴ θεῶν πάρα.

ΠΤΘΙΑ

1320 ἐπίσχεσ, ὦ παῖ· τρίποδα γὰρ χρηστήριον
λιποῦσα θριγκοῦ τοῦδ' ὑπερβάλλω πόδα
Φοῖβου προφήτης, τρίποδος ἀρχαῖον νόμον
σώζουσα, πασῶν Δελφίδων ἐξαίρετος.

ΙΩΝ

χαῖρ', ὦ φίλη μοι μήτηρ, οὐ τεκοῦσά περ.

ΠΤΘΙΑ

ἀλλ' οὖν ἐλεγόμεσθ'· ἡ φάτις δ' οὐ μοι πικρά.

ΙΩΝ

ἤκουσας ὥς μ' ἔκτεινεν ἦδε μηχαναῖς ;

ΠΤΘΙΑ

ἤκουσα· καὶ σύ γ' ὤμὸς ὦν ἀμαρτάνεις.

ΙΩΝ

οὐ χρὴ με τοὺς κτείνοντας ἀνταπολλύναι ;

ΠΤΘΙΑ

προγονοῖς δάμαρτες δυσμενεῖς ἀεὶ ποτε.

ΙΩΝ

1330 ἡμεῖς δὲ μητρυιαῖς γε πάσχοντες κακῶς.

ΠΤΘΙΑ

μὴ ταῦτα· λείπων ἱερὰ καὶ στείχων πάτραν—

ΙΩΝ

τί δὴ με δρᾶσαι νουθετούμενον χρεῶν ;

ION

Never should crime have altar-sanctuary,
But hounding thence. Unmeet it is that hands
Sin-stained should touch the Gods: but righteous men,
Whoso is wronged, should claim their sanctuary,
And not the good and evil come alike
Hither to win the same boon of the Gods.

*Enter the PYTHIA, bearing a cradle, the contents of
which are concealed by a wrapping which partially
envelopes it.*

PYTHIA

Forbear, my son. The seat of prophecy 1320
I leave, and step across this temple-fence,
Priestess of Phoebus, chosen of Delphi's daughters
To guard his tripod's immemorial use.

ION

Hail, dear my mother, though thou didst not bear me.

PYTHIA

So was I called; nor did the name mislike me.

ION

Hast heard of yonder woman's plot to slay me?

PYTHIA

I heard: yet is thy ruthlessness all wrong.

ION

Shall I not pay death-wage to murderers?

PYTHIA

To stepsons from of old have wives been foes.

ION

Yea, I withal of stepdames have foul wrong. 1330

PYTHIA

Ah hush! Thou leav'st the fane, thou farest home—

ION

What must I do then at thy counselling?

ΙΩΝ

ΠΤΘΙΑ

καθαρὸς Ἀθήνας ἔλθ' ὑπ' οἰωνῶν καλῶν.

ΙΩΝ

καθαρὸς ἅπας τοι πολεμίους ὃς ἂν κτάνῃ.

ΠΤΘΙΑ

μὴ σύ γε· παρ' ἡμῶν δ' ἔκλαβ' οὖς ἔχω λόγους.

ΙΩΝ

λέγοις ἄν· εὖνους δ' οὖς' ἐρεῖς ὅς' ἂν λέγῃς.

ΠΤΘΙΑ

ὅρῳς τόδ' ἄγγος χερὸς ὑπ' ἀγκάλαις ἐμαῖς ;

ΙΩΝ

ὀρῶ παλαιὰν ἀντίπηγ' ἐν στέμμασιν.

ΠΤΘΙΑ

ἐν τῇδ' ἐλαβον νεόγονον βρέφος ποτέ.

ΙΩΝ

1340 τί φῆς ; ὁ μῦθος εἰσενήνεκται νέος.

ΠΤΘΙΑ

σιγῇ γὰρ εἶχον αὐτά· νῦν δὲ δείκνυμεν.

ΙΩΝ

πῶς οὖν ἔκρυπτες τόδε λαβοῦς' ἡμᾶς πάλαι ;

ΠΤΘΙΑ

ὁ θεός σ' ἐβούλετ' ἐν δόμοις ἔχειν λάτριν.

ΙΩΝ

νῦν δ' οὐχὶ χρήζει ; τῷ τόδε γνῶναί με χρή ;

ΠΤΘΙΑ

πατέρα κατειπὼν τῇσδ' ἐκπέμπει χθονός.

ΙΩΝ

σὺ δ' ἐκ κελευσμῶν ἢ πόθεν σφύζεις τάδε ;

ΠΤΘΙΑ

ἐνθύμιόν μοι τότε τίθησι Λοξίας—

ΙΩΝ

τί χρῆμα δρᾶσαι ; λέγε, πέραινε σοὺς λόγους.

ION

PYTHIA

With clean hands and fair omens go to Athens.

ION

Clean are the hands of whoso slays his foes.

PYTHIA

Nay, nay !—but hear the tale I bring to thee.

ION

Speak : it shall come of love, whate'er thou say.

PYTHIA

Seest thou this chest here cradled in mine arms ?

ION

I see an ancient ark with fillets dight.

PYTHIA

In this I found thee once, a new-born babe.

ION

What say'st thou ? Strange the story hither brought ! 1340

PYTHIA

Yea, I kept silence. I reveal it now.

ION

Why hide from me so long this found of thee ?

PYTHIA

The God would have thee minister in his house.

ION

Nor needeth now ? How shall I know it so ?

PYTHIA

Showing thy sire, he sends thee forth the land.

ION

Thou, by commandment kepest thou these things ?

PYTHIA

On that day Loxias put it in mine heart—

ION

To do what deed ? Say on, tell out the tale.

ΙΩΝ

ΠΤΘΙΑ

σῶσαι τόδ' εὖρημ' εἰς τὸν ὄντα νῦν χρόνον.

ΙΩΝ

1350 ἔχει δέ μοι τί κέρδος ἢ τίνα βλάβην ;

ΠΤΘΙΑ

ἐνθάδε κέκρυπται σπάργαν' οἷς ἐνήσθα σύ.

ΙΩΝ

μητρὸς τάδ' ἡμῖν ἐκφέρεις ζητήματα ;

ΠΤΘΙΑ

ἐπεὶ γ' ὁ δαίμων βούλεται· πάροιθε δ' οὔ.

ΙΩΝ

ὦ μακαρίων μοι φασμάτων ἥδ' ἡμέρα.

ΠΤΘΙΑ

λαβὼν νυν αὐτὰ τὴν τεκοῦσαν ἐκπόνει.

ΙΩΝ

πᾶσαν δ' ἐπελθὼν Ἀσιάδ' Εὐρώπης θ' ὄρους ;

ΠΤΘΙΑ

1360 γνῶσει τάδ' αὐτός. τοῦ θεοῦ δ' ἔκατί σε
ἔθρεψά τ', ὦ παῖ, καὶ τάδ' ἀποδίδωμί σοι,
ἃ κείνος ἀκέλευστόν μ' ἐβουλήθη λαβεῖν
σῶσαί θ'. ὅτου δέ γ' εἵνεκ', οὐκ ἔχω λέγειν.
ἦδει δὲ θνητῶν οὔτις ἀνθρώπων τάδε
ἔχοντας ἡμᾶς, οὐδ' ἔν' ἦν κεκρυμμένα.
καὶ χαῖρ' ἴσον γάρ σ' ὥς τεκοῦσ' ἀσπάζομαι.
ἄρξαι δ' ὅθεν σὴν μητέρα ζητεῖν σε χρή·
πρῶτον μὲν εἴ τις Δελφίδων τεκοῦσά σε
εἰς τούσδε ναοὺς ἐξέβηκε παρθένος,
ἔπειτα δ' εἴ τις Ἑλλάς· ἐξ ἡμῶν δ' ἔχεις
ἅπαντα Φοίβου θ', ὃς μετέσχε τῆς τύχης.

ION

PYTHIA

To keep this treasure-trove against this hour.

ION

What profit or what hurt hath this for me?

1350

PYTHIA

This hides the swaddling-bands that wrapped thee then.

ION

My mother!—clues be these for finding her?

PYTHIA

Yea, 'tis the God's will now—not heretofore.

ION

O day of blessed revelations this!

PYTHIA

Take them—rest not until thou find thy mother.

ION

How?—search all Asia through, search Europe's bounds?

PYTHIA

Thou shalt not err, thou. For the God's own sake
I nursed thee, boy: these give I back to thee,
Which his unspoken will then made me take
And guard. Why thus he willed I cannot tell:
But none of mortal men was ware that I
Had these, nor hidden in what place they lay.
Farewell . . . for as a mother kiss I thee.

1360

Turns to go, but resumes—

Where thou shouldst seek thy mother, there begin—
First, did a Delphian bride unwedded bear
And cast thee forth upon these temple-steps?
Then, any maid of Greece? . . . So hast thou all
Of me, and Phoebus, partner in thy fortune. [*Exit.*

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K 2

ΙΩΝ

ΙΩΝ

1370

φεῦ φεῦ· κατ' ὅσων ὡς ὑγρὸν βάλλω δάκρυ,
ἐκεῖσε τὸν νοῦν δούς, ὅθ' ἡ τεκοῦσά με
κρυφαῖα νυμφευθεῖσ' ἀπημποῖλα λάθρα
καὶ μαστὸν οὐχ ὑπέσχευ' ἀλλ' ἀνώνυμος
ἐν θεοῦ μελάνθοις εἶχον οἰκέτην βίον.

1380

τὰ τοῦ θεοῦ μὲν χρηστά, τοῦ δὲ δαίμονος
βαρέα· χρόνον γὰρ ὃν μ' ἐχρῆν ἐν ἀγκάλαις
μητρὸς τρυφῆσαι καὶ τι τερφθῆναι βίον,
ἀπεστερήθην φιλτάτης μητρὸς τροφῆς.
τλήμων δε χῆ τεκοῦσά μ', ὡς ταῦτόν πάθος
πέπονθε, παιδὸς ἀπολέσασα χαρμονάς.
καὶ νῦν λαβὼν τήνδ' ἀντίπηγ' οἶσω θεῶ
ἀνάθῃμ', ἵν' εὖρω μηδὲν ὦν οὐ βούλομαι.
εἰ γὰρ με δούλη τυγχάνει τεκοῦσά τις,
εὐρεῖν κάκιον μητέρ' ἢ συγῶντ' ἔαν.
ὦ Φοῖβε, ναοῖς ἀνατίθῃμι τήνδε σοῖς.
καίτοι τί πάσχω ; τοῦ θεοῦ προθυμία
πολεμῶ, τὰ μητρὸς σύμβολ' ὃς σέσωκέ μοι.
ἀνοικτέον τάδ' ἐστὶ καὶ τολμητέον.

1390

τὰ γὰρ πεπρωμέν' οὐχ ὑπερβαίνειν ποτ' ἄν.
ὦ στέμμαθ' ἱερά, τί ποτέ μοι κεκέυθατε,
καὶ σύνδεθ', οἷσι τὰμ' ἐφρουρήθη φίλα ;
ἰδὼν περίπτυνγμ' ἀντίπηγος εὐκύκλου
ὡς οὐ γεγήρακ' ἔκ τινος θεηλάτου,
εὐρώς τ' ἄπεστι πλεγμάτων· ὁ δ' ἐν μέσῳ
χρόνος πολὺς δὴ τοῖσδε θησαυρίσμασιν.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

τί δῆτα φάσμα τῶν ἀνελπίστων ὀρώ ;

ΙΩΝ

σίγα σύ· πολλὰ καὶ πάροιθεν οἶσθα μοι.

ION

ION

Ah me, mine eyes are drowned in streaming tears,
As leaps my thought to that day when the bride 1370
Betrayed, who bare, by stealth to thralldom sold me,
Nor ever suckled me : but nameless all
In the God's court I lived a servant's life.
Kind was the God's part, but my fortune's hand
Heavy ; for while I should of right have lain
Soft in a mother's arms, and known life's joy,
Of a sweet mother's care was I bereft.

O hapless she who bare me, who hath suffered
Like me, hath lost the joys of motherhood !
But this ark will I bear unto the God, 1380
An offering—lest I find aught I would not.
For, if perchance a slave-girl gave me birth,
'Twere worse to find a mother than let be.
Phoebus, I offer this unto thy fane . . .
What ails me ? Lo, I fight against the favour
Of Him who saved for me my mother's tokens !
This must I open, face what must be faced ;
For never can I overstep my doom.

Ah, sacred fillets, what have ye hid for me,
O bands wherein mine heart's desire was kept ? 1390
Lo, the enwrapping of the ark's fair curve,
How by a miracle it waxed not old ;
The osier-plaitings mouldless !—yet long time
Since then hath o'er these treasure-relics passed.

CREUSA

What, O what vision see I, past all hope !

ION

Peace !—for thou canst be silent—as the grave.

ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐκ ἐν σιωπῇ τὰμά· μή με νουθέτει.
 ὀρώ γὰρ ἄγγος οὐξέθηκ' ἐγὼ ποτε
 σέ γ', ὦ τέκνον μοι, βρέφος ἔτ' ὄντα νήπιον,
 Κέκροπος ἐς ἄντρα καὶ Μακρὰς πετρηρεφεῖς.
 1400 λείψω δὲ βωμὸν τόνδε, κεῖ θανεῖν με χρή.

ΙΩΝ

λάζυσθε τήνδε· θεομανῆς γὰρ ἦλατο
 βωμοῦ λιποῦσα ξόανα· δεῖτε δ' ὠλένας.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

σφάζοντες οὐ λήγῃσι τ' ἄν ὥς ἀνθέξομαι
 καὶ τῆσδε καὶ σοῦ τῶν τε σῶν κεκρυμμένων.

ΙΩΝ

τάδ' οὐχὶ δεινά ; ῥυσιάζομαι λόγῳ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐκ, ἀλλὰ σοῖς φίλοισιν εὐρίσκει φίλος.

ΙΩΝ

ἐγὼ φίλος σός ; κατὰ μ' ἔκτεινες λάθρα ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

παῖς γ', εἰ τόδ' ἐστὶ τοῖς τεκοῦσι φίλτατον.

ΙΩΝ

1410 παῦσαι πλέκουσα· λήψομαί σ' ἐγὼ καλῶς.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

εἰς τοῦθ' ἰκοίμην, τοῦδε τοξεύω, τέκνον.

ΙΩΝ

κενὸν τόδ' ἄγγος ἢ στέγει πλήρωμά τι ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

σά γ' ἔνδυσθ', οἷσί σ' ἐξέθηκ' ἐγὼ ποτε.

ΙΩΝ

καὶ τοῦνομ' αὐτῶν ἐξερεῖς πρὶν εἰσιδεῖν ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

καὶν μὴ φράσω γε, κατθανεῖν ὑφίσταμαι,

ION

CREUSA

Not for me silence ! Teach not me my part !
I see the ark wherein I set thee forth,—
Thee, O my child, my babbling baby then,—
In Cecrops' cave, beneath the Long Cliff's brow ! 1400
This altar will I leave, yea, though I die.

[Flings her arms round his neck.]

ION

Seize her !—she hath been driven god-distraught
To leave the carven altar ! Bind her arms.

CREUSA

Slay on—spare not— for I will cling, will cling
To this, thee, and thy tokens hidden there.

ION

Foul outrage ! I am kidnapped by her tongue !

CREUSA

No, no !—but found, O love, of her that loves !

ION

I thy beloved—whom thou wouldst slay by stealth !

CREUSA

Yes—yes ! my son ! Is aught to parents dearer ?

ION

Cease !—I shall take thee mid thy webs of guile. 1410

CREUSA

Take me ?—ah take ! I strain thereto, my child.

ION

Void is this ark, or somewhat doth it hide ?

CREUSA

Yea, that which wrapped thee when I cast thee forth.

ION

Speak out and name them ere thine eyes behold,

CREUSA

Yea, if I tell not, I submit to die.

ΙΩΝ

ΙΩΝ

λέγ'. ὥς ἔχει τι δεινὸν ἢ τόλμη γέ σου.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

σκέψασθ' ὃ παῖς ποτ' οὐς' ὕφασμ' ὕφην' ἐγώ·

ΙΩΝ

ποῖόν τι ; πολλὰ παρθένων ὑφάσματα.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐ τέλεον, οἶον δ' ἐκδίδαγμα κερκίδος.

ΙΩΝ

1420

μορφὴν ἔχον τίν' ; ὥς με μὴ ταύτῃ λάβῃς.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

Γοργῶν μὲν ἐν μέσοισιν ἡτρίοις πέπλων.

ΙΩΝ

ὦ Ζεῦ, τίς ἡμᾶς ἐκκυνηγετεῖ πότμος ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

κεκρασπέδωται δ' ὄφρ' αἰγίδος τρόπον.

ΙΩΝ

ἰδού.

τόδ' ἔσθ' ὕφασμα· θέσφαθ' ὥς εὐρίσκομεν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὦ χρόνιον ἰστῶν παρθένευμα τῶν ἐμῶν.

ΙΩΝ

ἔστιν τι πρὸς τῷδ', ἢ μόνῳ τῷδ' εὐτυχεῖς ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

δράκοντες· ἀρχαῖόν τι παγχρύσῳ γέννι.

δώρημ' Ἀθάνας, ἢ τέκν' ἐντρέφειν λέγει.

Ἐριχθονίου γε τοῦ πάλαι μιμήματα.

ΙΩΝ

1430

τί δρᾶν, τί χρῆσθαι, φράζε μοι, χρυσώματι ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

δέραια παιδὶ νεογόνῳ φέρειν, τέκνον.

ION

ION

Say on :—'tis passing strange, thy confidence !

CREUSA

See there the web I wove in girlhood's days.

ION

Its fashion ?—girls be ever weaving webs.

CREUSA

No perfect work ; 'twas but a prentice hand.

ION

The pattern tell :—thou shalt not trick me so. 1420

CREUSA

A Gorgon in the mid-threads of a shawl.

ION (*aside*)

O Zeus, what weird is this that dogs our steps ?

CREUSA

'Tis fringed with serpents—with the Aegis-fringe.

ION

Lo, here the web ! (*lifts and spreads it forth.*)

How strangely find we here the oracle !

CREUSA

O work of girlhood's loom, so long unseen !

ION

Is there aught else ?—or this thy one true shot ?

CREUSA

Serpents, an old device, with golden jaws—

Athena's gift, who biddeth deck babes so—

Moulded from Erichthonius' snakes of old.

ION

What use, what purpose, tell me, hath the jewel ? 1430

CREUSA

A necklace for the new-born babe, my child.

ΙΩΝ

ΙΩΝ

ἔνεισιν οὔδε· τὸ δὲ τρίτον ποθῶ μαθεῖν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

στέφανον ἐλαίας ἀμφέθηκά σοι τότε,
ἦν πρώτ' Ἀθάνα σκόπελον ἐξηνέγκατο,
ὅς, εἴπερ ἔστιν, οὔ ποτ' ἐκλείπει χλόην,
θάλλει δ' ἐλαίας ἐξ ἀκηράτου γεγώς.

ΙΩΝ

ὦ φιλτάτη μοι μήτηρ, ἄσμενός σ' ἰδὼν
πρὸς ἀσμένης πέπτωκα σὰς παρηίδας.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

1440 ὦ τέκνον, ὦ φῶς μητρὶ κρεῖσσον ἡλίου—
συγγνώσεται γὰρ ὁ θεός—ἐν χεροῖν σ' ἔχω,
ἄελπτον εὖρημ', ὃν κατὰ γᾶς ἐνέρων
χθόνιον μετὰ Περσεφόνας τ' ἐδόκουν ναίειν.

ΙΩΝ

ἀλλ', ὦ φίλη μοι μήτηρ, ἐν χεροῖν σέθεν
ὁ κατθανὼν τε κοῦ θανὼν φαντάζομαι.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἰὼ ἰώ, λαμπρᾶς αἰθέρος ἀμπτυχαί,
τίν' αὐδὰν αὔσω,
βοάσω ; πόθεν μοι
συνέκυρσ' ἀδόκητος ἡδονά ; πόθεν
ἐλάβομεν χαράν ;

ΙΩΝ

1450 ἐμοὶ γενέσθαι πάντα μᾶλλον ἄν ποτε,
μήτηρ, παρέστη τῶνδ', ὅπως σός εἰμ' ἐγώ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἔτι φόβῳ τρέμω.

ΙΩΝ

μῶν οὐκ ἔχειν μ' ἔχουσα ;

ION

ION

Even these be here. The third I long to know.

CREUSA

A wreath of olive set I on thee then :
Athena brought it first unto our rock.
If this be there, it hath not lost its green,
But blooms yet, from the sacred olive sprung.

ION

Mother !—dear mother !—glad, O glad, I fall,
Beholding thee, on thy cheeks gladness-flushed.

CREUSA

Child !—light to mother better than the sun—
The God will pardon—I have thee in mine arms, 1440
Unhoped treasure-trove !—as a dweller in Hades, so
thought I of thee,
An abider mid nethergloom shades with Persephone.

ION

Ah no, dear mother mine ; within thine arms
Revealed is he that liveth and was dead.

CREUSA

Ho ye, ye unfoldings of ether, ye sunlit expanses,
In what cry shall I peal out my rapture ? O whence
unto me [strange chances
Came it, this sweetness undreamed of ? By what
Such bliss do I see ?

ION

Naught were so strange, but I had looked for that, 1450
O mother, rather than to know me thine.

CREUSA

Still I tremble with dread—

ION

Lest holding thou hold me not ?

ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τὰς γὰρ ἐλπίδας
ἀπέβαλον πρόσω.
ὦ γύναι, πόθεν πόθεν ἔλαβες ἐμὸν
βρέφος ἐς ἀγκάλας ;
τὶν' ἀνὰ χέρα δόμους ἔβα Λοξίου ;

ΙΩΝ

θεῖον τόδ'· ἀλλὰ τὰπίλοιπα τῆς τύχης
εὐδαιμονοῖμεν, ὥς τὰ πρόσθε δυστυχῇ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

1460 τέκνον, οὐκ ἀδάκρυτος ἐκλοχεύει,
γόοις δὲ ματρὸς ἐκ χερῶν ὀρίζει·
νῦν δὲ γενειάσιν παρὰ σέθεν πνέω
μακαριωτάτας τυχοῦσ' ἡδονᾶς.

ΙΩΝ

τοῦμόν λέγουσα καὶ τὸ σὸν κοινῶς λέγεις.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἄπαιδες οὐκέτ' ἐσμέν οὐδ' ἄτεκνοι·
δῶμ' ἐστιοῦται, γὰρ δ' ἔχει τυράννους·
ἀνηβᾶ δ' Ἐρεχθεύς,
ὃ τε γηγενέτας δόμος οὐκέτι νύκτα
δέρκεται, αἰελίου δ' ἀναβλέπει λαμπάσιν.

ΙΩΝ

μητέρα, παρὼν μοι καὶ πατήρ μετασχέτω
τῆς ἡδονῆς τῇσδ' ἧς ἔδωχ' ὑμῖν ἐγώ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

1470 ὦ τέκνον, τί φῆς ; οἶον οἶον ἀνελέγχομαι.

ION

CREUSA

I had seen hope flee
So long ago !
O prophetess, whence and O whence to thine arms
came he,

My little one ?

Upborne by what hand unto Loxias' halls was he sped ?

ION

A miracle : but through our lot to be
May we be happy as our past was sad.

CREUSA

At thy birth-travail, O my child, was there many a
tear : [many a moan :
Thou wert torn from the arms of thy mother with
And now on thy cheeks is my breath : my darling is 1460
here ! [known !
The uttermost bliss of the Blessèd, Io, now have I

ION

Thou speakest for mine heart and thine, as one.

CREUSA

No more are we childless, no more unto barrenness
banned : [kings hath the land.
The home hath the hearth-glow again, and her
The strength of his youth doth Erechtheus renew :
The house of the Earth-born Race no longer to night-
ward shall gaze,
But the sun's beam cleaveth its darkness through.

ION

Mother, my sire is here : let him too share
This happiness which I have given to you.

CREUSA

O child, child, what sayest thou ?—must the shame
be laid bare of thy mother ? 1470

ΙΩΝ

ΙΩΝ

πῶς εἶπας ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἄλλοθεν γέγονας, ἄλλοθεν.

ΙΩΝ

ᾧμοι· νόθον με παρθένευμ' ἔτικτε σὸν ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐχ ὑπὸ λαμπάδων οὐδὲ χορευμάτων
ὑμέναιος ἐμός,
τέκνον, ἔτικτε σὸν κάρα.

ΙΩΝ

αἰαῖ· πέφυκα δυσγενής, μήτερ, πόθεν ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἴστω Γοργοφόνα—

ΙΩΝ

τί τοῦτ' ἔλεξας ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

1480 ἂ σκοπέλοις ἐπ' ἐμοῖς
τὸν ἐλαιοφυή πάγον θάσσει—

ΙΩΝ

λέγεις μοι δόλια κοῦ σαφή τάδε.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

παρ' ἀηδόνιον πέτραν Φοῖβω—

ΙΩΝ

τί Φοῖβον αὐδᾶς ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

κρυπτόμενον λέχος ἡνιάσθην.

ΙΩΝ

λέγ'· ὥς ἐρεῖς τι κεδνὸν εὐτυχές τε μοι.

ION

ION

What is this thou hast said ?

CREUSA

Of another thou camest—oh, of another !

ION

Woe's me ! a bastard ?—child of maiden's shame ?

CREUSA

No torches were gleaming, no raiment outstreaming
In the dance, my child, for the bridal bed
Which brought to the birth thy dear-loved head !

ION

Alas ! base-born am I ?—O mother, whence ?

CREUSA

Be witness the Gorgon-slaying Maid—

ION

What is this ?—what meaneth the word thou hast
said ?

CREUSA

Who hath set on my watch-tower crags her throne
On the hill with her olives overgrown,—

1480

ION

Dark sayings are these, and I cannot interpret the
thing.

CREUSA

Unto Phoebus beside the rock where the nightin-
gales sing—

ION

What should of Phoebus by thee be said ?

CREUSA

In a bridal from all men hid was I wed.

ION

Say on : glad tidings this and fortune fair !

143

ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

δεκάτῳ δέ σε μῆνός ἐν
κύκλῳ κρύφιον ὠδὴν ἔτεκον Φοιβῶ.

ΙΩΝ

ὦ φίλτατ' εἰποῦς, εἰ λέγεις ἐτήτυμα.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

1490

παρθένια δ' ἔμοῦ¹ ματέρος
σπάργαν' ἀμφίβολά σοι τάδ' ἐν-
ῆψα, κερκίδος ἐμᾶς πλάνους.
γάλακτι δ' οὐκ ἐπέσχον, οὐδὲ μαστῶ
τροφεῖα ματρὸς οὐδὲ λουτρὰ χειρῶν,
ἀνὰ δ' ἄντρον ἔρημον οἰωνῶν
γαμφηλαῖς φόνευμα θοίναμά τ' εἰς
Αἶδαν ἐκβάλλει.

ΙΩΝ

ὦ δεινὰ τλᾶσα μῆτερ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

1500

ἐν φόβῳ καταδεθεῖσα σὰν
ψυχὰν ἀπέβαλον, τέκνον'
ἔκτεινά σ' ἄκουσ'.

ΙΩΝ

ἐξ ἐμοῦ τ' οὐχ ὅσι' ἔθνησκες.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἰὼ· δειναὶ μὲν τότε τύχαι,
δεινὰ δὲ καὶ τάδ' ἐλίσσόμεσθ' ἐκείθεν
ἐνθάδε δυστυχίαισιν
εὐτυχίαις τε πάλιν,
μεθίσταται δὲ πνεύματα.
μενέτω· τὰ πάροιθεν ἄλις κακά· νῦν δ'
ἐγένετό τις οὖρος ἐκ κακῶν, ὦ παῖ.

¹ Barnes : for MSS. ἐμᾶς.

ION

CREUSA

And the months swept round, till the tenth month
came,
And I bare unto Phœbus a child of shame.

ION

O happy words, if this thou say'st be true !

CREUSA

And these, these mother's swathing-bands
About thee cast, my maiden hands
Wrought, my loom's skill-less fashionings.
Not to thy lips for suck I gave
The breast, nor with mine hands did lave ;
But forth into a lonesome cave,
A banquet-spoil for swooping wings,
To Hades thee thy mother flings.

1490

ION

O mother, what horror to do, to dare !

CREUSA

I was thrall unto terror—I flung away
Thy life, my baby : I steeled me to slay,
When mine heart was moaning " Spare ! "

1500

ION

And of me nigh slain !—foul horror it were !

CREUSA

O fearful chances of that dark day,
And of this withal ! We are tossed to drift
On the surge of calamity hither and thither :
Yet anon do the winds of heaven shift,

And behold, we are gliding through summer
weather ! [suffice.

Oh may it last !—for the ills overpast should surely
Fair winds, my son, now are wafting us on, after
stormy skies.

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ΙΩΝ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1510 μηδείς δοκείτω μηδὲν ἀνθρώπων ποτὲ
ἄελπτον εἶναι πρὸς τὰ τυγχάνοντα νῦν.

ΙΩΝ

ὦ μεταβαλοῦσα μυρίους ἤδη βροτῶν
καὶ δυστυχῆσαι καὺθις αὐτὴ πρᾶξαι καλῶς,
Τύχῃ, παρ' οἷαν ἤλθομεν στάθμην βίου,
μητέρα φονεῦσαι καὶ παθεῖν ἀνάξια.
φεῦ.

ἄρ' ἐν φαενναῖς ἡλίου περιπτυχαῖς
ἔνεστι πάντα τάδε καθ' ἡμέραν μαθεῖν ;
φίλον μὲν οὖν σ' εὖρημα, μήτερ, ἡῦρομεν,
καὶ τὸ γένος οὐδὲν μεμπτόν, ὥς ἡμῖν, τόδε·
1520 τὰ δ' ἄλλα πρὸς σέ βούλομαι μόνῃν φράσαι.
δεῦρ' ἔλθ'· ἐς οὓς σοι τοὺς λόγους εἰπεῖν θέλω
καὶ περικαλύψαι τοῖσι πράγμασι σκότον.
ὄρα σύ, μήτερ, μὴ σφαλεῖς' ἂ παρθένοις
ἐγγίγνεται νοσήματ' εἰς κρυπτοὺς γάμους,
ἔπειτα τῷ θεῷ προστίθης τὴν αἰτίαν,
καὶ τοῦμόν αἰσχρὸν ἀποφυγεῖν πειρωμένη,
Φοῖβῳ τεκεῖν με φής, τεκοῦς' οὐκ ἐκ θεοῦ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

μὰ τὴν παρασπίζουσαν ἄρμασιν ποτε
Νίκην Ἀθάναν Ζηνὶ γηγενεῖς ἔπι,
1530 οὐκ ἔστιν ὅστις σοι πατὴρ θνητῶν, τέκνον,
ἄλλ' ὅσπερ ἐξέθρεψε Λοξίας ἄναξ.

ΙΩΝ

πῶς οὖν τὸν αὐτοῦ παῖδ' ἔδωκ' ἄλλῳ πατρὶ,
Ξούθου τε φησὶ παῖδά μ' ἐκπεφυκέναι ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

πεφυκέναι μὲν οὐχί, δωρεῖται δέ σε
αὐτοῦ γεγῶτα· καὶ γὰρ ἂν φίλος φίλῳ
δοίῃ τὸν αὐτοῦ παῖδα δεσπότην δόμων.

ION

CHORUS

Let none e'er deem aught in the lot of man 1510
Past hope, who marketh what to-day befalls.

ION

O Fortune, thou that shiftest countless mortals
Unto misfortune, and anon to weal,
How nearly to this pass we came, that I
Should slay my mother, should of her be slain !
Ah strange !
Yet—midst the bright embraces of the sun
Somewhere do such things day by day befall ?
Sweet, mother, is my treasure-trove of thee ;
And this my birth, I find no fault therein.

Yet somewhat would I say to thee apart. 1520
Come hither : I would speak it in thine ear,
And fold about with darkness that thy past.
See to it, mother, lest thy steps have slipped,
As maids infatuate yield to love—to shame,
And upon Phoebus now thou chargest this,
And, striving to escape the shame of me,
Dost name the God my sire, who sire was none.

CREUSA

No !—by Athena, Lady of Victory, who
At Zeus' side chariot-borne with Giants fought,
No mortal man was sire to thee, my son, 1530
But he which reared thee, Loxias the King.

ION

How gave he then his own son to another,
And named me Xuthus' true-begotten son ?

CREUSA

Nay, not begotten ; but his gift art thou,
Sprung from himself,—as friend to friend should give
His own son, that his house might have an heir.

ΙΩΝ

ΙΩΝ

ὁ θεὸς ἀληθής, ἡ μάτην μαντεύεται,
ἐμοῦ ταραάσσει, μήτηρ, εἰκότως φρένα.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἄκουε δὴ νυν ἄμ' ἐσήληθεν, ὦ τέκνον·
1540 εὐεργετῶν σε Λοξίας ἐς εὐγενῇ
δόμον καθίζει· τοῦ θεοῦ δὲ λεγόμενος,
οὐκ ἔσχες ἂν ποτ' οὔτε παγκλήρους δόμους
οὔτ' ὄνομα πατρός. πῶς γάρ, οὐ γ' ἐγὼ γάμους
ἔκρυπτον αὐτὴ καὶ σ' ἀπέκτεινον λάθρα ;
ὁ δ' ὠφελῶν σε προστίθῃς ἄλλω πατρί.

ΙΩΝ

οὐχ ὧδε φαύλως αὖτ' ἐγὼ μετέρχομαι,
ἀλλ' ἱστορήσω Φοῖβον εἰσελθὼν δόμους,
εἴτ' εἰμὶ θνητοῦ πατρὸς εἴτε Λοξίου.
ἔα· τίς οἴκων θυοδόκων ὑπερτελής
1550 ἀντήλιον πρόσωπον ἐκφαίνει θεῶν ;
φεύγωμεν, ὦ τεκούσα, μὴ τὰ δαιμόνων
ὀρώμεν, εἰ μὴ καιρὸς ἐσθ' ἡμᾶς ὄραν.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

μὴ φεύγετ'· οὐ γὰρ πολεμίαν με φεύγετε,
ἀλλ' ἐν τ' Ἀθήναις κἀνθάδ' οὔσαν εὐμενῇ.
ἐπώνυμος δὲ σῆς ἀφικόμην χθονός,
Παλλάς, δρόμῳ σπεύσας Ἀπόλλωνος πάρα,
ὃς εἰς μὲν ὄψιν σφῶν μολεῖν οὐκ ἡξίου,
μὴ τῶν πάροιθε μέμφεις εἰς μέσον μόλη,
ἡμᾶς δὲ πέμπει τοὺς λόγους ὑμῖν φράσαι,
1560 ὥς ἦδε τίκτει σ' ἐξ Ἀπόλλωνος πατρός,
δίδωσι δ' οἷς ἔδωκεν, οὐ φύσασί σε,
ἀλλ' ὥς κομίζῃ σ' οἶκον εὐγενέστατον.
ἐπεὶ δ' ἀνέφχθη πρᾶγμα μηνυθὲν τόδε,
θανεῖν σε δείσας μητρὸς ἐκ βουλευμάτων

ION

ION

Is the God true?—or doth his oracle lie?
Mother, my soul it troubleth: well it may.

CREUSA

Hear now what cometh to my mind, my son;
Of kindness Loxias giveth thee a place 1540
In a proud house: hadst thou been called his son,
Thou hadst had none inheritance thereof,
Nor a sire's name:—how couldst thou, when myself
Still hid his rape, yea, by thy secret death?
Thee for thy good to another sire he gives.

ION

Nay, not thus lightly on the quest I press.
I will ask Phoebus, entering his fane,
“Am I of Loxias, or a mortal sire?”

ATHENA appears above the temple in her chariot.

Ha! high above the incense-breathing house
What God reveals a face that fronts the Sun? 1550
Let us flee, mother, lest we gaze on Gods,
Except in season meet for that great vision.

ATHENA

Fly not; no foe am I that ye should flee,
But, as in Athens, here am gracious-willed.
I come from thy land—land that bears my name:
I Pallas from Apollo speed in haste,
Who deigned not to reveal him to your sight,
Else must he chide you for things overpast,
But sendeth me to tell to you his words:—
Thee this queen bare, begotten of Apollo: 1560
He gives to whom he gave, not that they gat thee,
But for thy bringing home to a princely house;
Then, when the matter was laid bare and told,
Fearing lest thou shouldst of her plot be slain,

- καὶ τήνδε πρὸς σοῦ, μηχαναῖς ἐρρύσατο.
 ἔμελλε δ' αὐτὰ διασιωπήσας ἄναξ
 ἐν ταῖς Ἀθήναις γνωριεῖν ταύτην τε σήν,
 σέ θ' ὥς πέφυκας τῆσδε καὶ Φοίβου πατρός.
 ἀλλ' ὥς περαίνω πρᾶγμα, καὶ χρησμούς θεοῦ,
 1570 ἐφ' οἷσιν ἔξενξ' ἄρματ', εἰσακούσατον.
 λαβοῦσα τόνδε παῖδα Κεκροπίαν χθόνα
 χώρει, Κρέουσα, κεῖς θρόνους τυραννικούς
 ἰδρυσον· ἐκ γὰρ τῶν Ἐρεχθέως γεγῶς
 δίκαιος ἄρχειν τῆς ἐμῆς ὅδε χθονός.
 ἔσται δ' ἂν Ἑλλάδ' εὐκλεής· οἱ τοῦδε γὰρ
 παῖδες γενόμενοι τέσσαρες ῥίζης μιᾶς,
 ἐπώνυμοι γῆς κάπιφυλίου χθονός
 λαὼν ἔσονται, σκόπελον οἱ ναίουσ' ἐμόν.
 Γελέων μὲν ἔσται πρῶτος· εἴτα δεύτερος
- 1580 "Ὀπλητες Ἀργαδῆς τ', ἐμῆς τ' ἀπ' αἰγίδος
 ἐν φύλον ἔξουσ' Αἰγικορῆς. οἱ τῶνδε δ' αὖ
 παῖδες γενόμενοι σὺν χρόνῳ πεπρωμένῳ
 Κυκλάδας ἐποικήσουσι νησαίας πόλεις
 χέρσους τε παράλους, ὃ σθένος τῇμῃ χθονὶ
 δίδωσιν· ἀντίπορθμα δ' ἠπείροιν δυοῖν
 πεδία κατοικήσουσιν, Ἀσιάδος τε γῆς
 Εὐρωπίας τε· τοῦδε δ' ὀνόματος χάριν
 Ἴωνες ὀνομασθέντες ἔξουσιν κλέος.
 1590 Ξοῦθῳ δὲ καὶ σοὶ γίγνεται κοινὸν γένος,
 Δῶρος μὲν, ἔνθεν Δωρὶς ὑμνηθήσεται
 πόλιν· κατ' αἶαν Πελοπίαν δ' ὁ δεύτερος
 Ἀχαιοός, ὃς γῆς παραλίας Ῥίου πέλας
 τύραννος ἔσται, κάπισημανθήσεται
 κείνου κεκληῆσθαι λαὸς ὄνομ' ἐπώνυμος.
 καλῶς δ' Ἀπόλλων πάντ' ἔπραξε· πρῶτα μὲν

ION

And she of thee, saved thee by that device.
Now the God would have kept the secret hid
Until in Athens he revealed her thine,
And thee the son of her and Phoebus born.

But—to make end and tell his oracles,
For which I yoked my chariot, hearken ye. 1570
Take this thy son and go to Cecrops' land,
Creusa, and on thrones of sovereignty
Seat him; for, of Erechtheus' lineage sprung,
Worthy he is to rule o'er mine own land.
Famed shall he be through Hellas; for the sons
Born to him, even four from this one root,
Shall give their names unto the several tribes
Of the land's folk which dwell upon mine hill.

Geleon the first shall be; the second tribe
Hopletes; Argades the third: the fourth, 1580
One tribe, of my shield named Aegicores.
And their sons in the fulness of the time
Shall found them cities in the Cyclad Isles,
And seaboard realms, for strength unto my land.
Yea, they shall people either mainland's plains
On either side the strait, of Asia-land
And Europe: and because of thy son's name
Ionians shall be named, and win renown.

From Xuthus too and thee a seed shall spring,
Dorus, of whom shall Doris song-renowned 1590
Arise: the second goeth to Pelops' land,
Achaeus; o'er the seaboard shall he reign
Nigh Rhion, and the people of his name
Among the nations shall be sealed therewith.
Well hath Apollo all things done: for, first,

ΙΩΝ

ἄνοσον λοχεύει σ', ὥστε μὴ γνῶναι φίλους·
 ἐπεὶ δ' ἔτικτες τόνδε παῖδα κἀπέθου
 ἐν σπαργάνοισιν, ἀρπάσαντ' ἐς ἀγκάλας
 Ἐρμῆν κελεύει δεῦρο πορθμεῦσαι βρέφος,
 1600 ἔθρεψέ τ' οὐδ' εἶασεν ἐκπνεῦσαι βίον.
 νῦν οὖν σιώπα, παῖς ὃδ' ὥς πέφυκε σός,
 ἵν' ἡ δόκησις Ἡοῦθον ἠδέως ἔχη,
 σύ τ' αὖ τὰ σαυτῆς ἀγάθ' ἔχουσ' ἴης, γύναι.
 καὶ χαίρετ'· ἐκ γὰρ τῆσδ' ἀναψυχῆς πόνων
 εὐδαίμων' ὑμῶν πότμον ἐξαγγέλλομαι.

ΙΩΝ

ὦ Διὸς Παλλὰς μεγίστου θύγατερ, οὐκ ἀπιστία
 σοὺς λόγους ἐνδεξόμεσθα· πείθομαι δ' εἶναι
 πατρὸς
 Λοξίου καὶ τῆσδε· καὶ πρὶν τοῦτο δ' οὐκ ἄπιστον
 ἦν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τὰμὰ νῦν ἄκουσον· αἰνῶ Φοῖβον οὐκ αἰνούσα
 πρίν,
 1610 οὔνεχ' οὐ ποτ' ἠμέλησε παιδὸς ἀποδίδωσί μοι.
 αἶδε δ' εὖωποι πύλαι μοι καὶ θεοῦ χρηστήρια,
 δυσμενῇ πάροιθεν ὄντα. νῦν δὲ καὶ ῥόπτρων
 χέρας
 ἠδέως ἐκκρημνάμεσθα καὶ προσενέπω πύλας.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

ἦνεσ' οὔνεκ' εὐλογεῖς θεὸν μεταβαλοῦς· αἰὲ γὰρ
 οὖν
 χρόνια μὲν τὰ τῶν θεῶν πως, εἰς τέλος δ' οὐκ
 ἀσθενῇ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὦ τέκνον, στείχωμεν οἴκους.

ION

He gave thee health in travail ; so none knew :
And, when thou hadst borne this child, and cast
him out

In swaddling-bands, bade Hermes in his arms
Snatch him away, and hither waft thy babe ;
And nurtured him, nor suffered him to die.

1600

Now therefore say not that this lad is thine,
That Xuthus in his phantasy may joy,
And thine the substance, lady, be of bliss.
Farewell ye : after this relief from woes
I bring you tidings of a happy lot.

ION

Pallas, Daughter of the Highest, child of Zeus, we
will receive [believe
These thy words with no unfaith, but Loxias do I
Sire to me, and her my mother :—never was this
past belief.

CREUSA

Hear me : Phoebus praise I, whom I praised not in
mine hour of grief, [now restores.
For that whom he set at naught, his child, to me he
Lovely is his oracle, and fair to me these temple-
doors, [portal-ring,
Hateful though they were aforetime. Now unto the
As I bid his gates my blithe farewell, with loving
hands I cling.

1610

ATHENA

Well dost thou to turn to praises of the God : so is it
still—
Slow the Gods' hands haply are, but mightily at last
fulfil.

CREUSA

Homeward let us pass, my son.

153

ΙΩΝ

ΑΘΗΝΑ

στείχεθ', ἔψομαι δ' ἐγώ.

ΙΩΝ

ἀξία γ' ἡμῶν ὁδοῦρός.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

καὶ φιλοῦσά γε πτόλιν.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

εἰς θρόνους δ' ἵζου παλαιούς.

ΙΩΝ

ἄξιον τὸ κτήμά μοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ Διὸς Λητοῦς τ' Ἀπολλων, χαῖρ' ὅτῳ δ'
ἐλαύνεται

1620 συμφοραῖς οἶκος, σέβοντα δαίμονας θαρσεῖν
χρεῶν·

εἰς τέλος γὰρ οἱ μὲν ἐσθλοὶ τυγχάνουσιν ἀξίων,
οἱ κακοὶ δ', ὥσπερ πεφύκασ', οὐποτ' εὖ πρά-
ξειαν ἄν.

ION

ATHENA

Pass on : myself shall following come.

ION

Best way-warden art thou !

CREUSA

Thou who holdest dear our city-home

ATHENE

Seat thee on the ancient throne.

ION

A goodly heritage is mine.

CHORUS

Zeus' and Leto's Son Apollo, hail ! Let him to
powers divine

Render homage undismayed, whose house affliction's
buffets smite :

1620

For the good at last shall overcome, at last attain
their right ;

But the evil, by their nature's law, on good shall
never light.

[Exeunt in procession to marching music.]

HIPPOLYTUS

ARGUMENT

HIPPOLYTA, Queen of the Amazons, bore to Theseus, king of Athens and Troezen, a son whom he named from her, Hippolytus. Now this youth grew up of all men most pure in heart, reverencing chiefly Artemis the Maiden, Goddess of the Chase, and utterly contemning the worship of Aphrodite. Wherefore the wrath of the Queen of Love was kindled against him, and she made Phaedra, his father's young wife, mad with love for him ; and although she wrestled with her malady, and strove to hide it in her heart, till by the fever of it she was brought nigh to death's door, yet in the end it was revealed, and was made destruction to her and to Hippolytus also.

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΑΦΡΟΔΙΤΗ

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΚΤΗΝΗΓΩΝ

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΤΡΟΙΖΗΝΙΩΝ ΓΥΝΑΙΚΩΝ

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

APHRODITE (or CYPRI), *the Queen of Love.*

HIPPOLYTUS, *son of Theseus and Hippolyta Queen of the Amazons.*

PHAEDRA, *daughter of Minos king of Crete, and wife of Theseus.*

NURSE OF PHAEDRA.

THESEUS, *king of Athens and Troezen.*

ARTEMIS, *Goddess of Hunting.*

SERVANT OF HIPPOLYTUS.

MESSSENGER, *henchman of Hippolytus.*

CHORUS, *composed of women of Troezen.*

CHORUS of *huntsmen.*

Attendants and handmaids.

SCENE: Before the palace of Theseus at Troezen, where Theseus dwelt, being self-exiled for a year from Athens, to expiate the shedding of the blood of kinsmen who had sought to dethrone him.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΑΦΡΟΔΙΤΗ

- Πολλή μὲν ἐν βροτοῖσι κοῦκ ἀνώννυμος
θεὰ κέκλημαι Κύπρις, οὐρανοῦ τ' ἔσω·
ὅσοι τε πόντου τερμόνων τ' Ἀτλαντικῶν
ναίουσιν εἴσω φῶς ὀρώντες ἡλίου,
τούς μὲν σέβοντας τὰμὰ πρεσβεύω κράτη,
σφάλλω δ' ὅσοι φρονοῦσιν εἰς ἡμᾶς μέγα.
ἔνεστι γὰρ δὴ καὶ θεῶν γένει τόδε,
τιμῶμενοι χαίρουσιν ἀνθρώπων ὕπο.
δείξω δὲ μύθων τῶνδ' ἀλήθειαν τάχα·
10 ὁ γάρ με Θησέως παῖς, Ἀμαζόνος τόκος
Ἴππόλυτος, ἀγνοῦ Πιτθέως παιδεύματα,
μόνος πολιτῶν τῆσδε γῆς Τροιζηνίας
λέγει κακίστην δαιμόνων πεφυκέναι,
ἀναίνεται δὲ λέκτρα κοῦ ψαύει γάμων·
Φοίβου δ' ἀδελφὴν Ἀρτεμιν Διὸς κόρη
τιμᾶ, μεγίστην δαιμόνων ἡγούμενος·
χλωρὰν δ' ἀν' ὕλην παρθένῳ ξυνὼν ἀεὶ
κυσὶν ταχεῖαις θήρας ἐξαιρεῖ χθονός,
μείζω βροτείας προσπεσὼν ὁμιλίας.
20 τοῦτοισι μὲν νυν οὐ φθονῶ· τί γάρ με δεῖ;
ἀ δ' εἰς ἔμ' ἡμάρτηκε, τιμωρήσομαι
Ἴππόλυτον ἐν τῇδ' ἡμέρᾳ· τὰ πολλὰ δὲ
πάλαι προκόψας, οὐ πόνου πολλοῦ με δεῖ.

HIPPOLYTUS

Enter APHRODITE.

APHRODITE

Mighty on earth, mighty in heaven, am I
Cypris the Goddess named, a glorious name.
And of all dwellers 'twixt the Pontic Sea
And Atlas' bourn, which look on the sun's light,
I honour them which reverence my power,
But bring the proud hearts that defy me low.
For even to the Gods this appertains,
That in the homage of mankind they joy.
And I will give swift proof of these my words :
For Theseus' son, born of the Amazon, 10
Hippolytus, pure-hearted Pittheus' ward,
Sole mid the folk of this Troezenian land
Sayeth that vilest of the Gods am I ;
Rejects the couch ; of marriage will he none,
But honours Phoebus' sister Artemis,
Zeus' child, and counts her greatest of the Gods ;
And through the greenwood in the Maid's train
still
With swift hounds sweeps the wild beasts from the
earth,
Linked with companionship too high for man. 20
Yet this I grudge not : what is this to me ?
But his defiance of me will I avenge
Upon Hippolytus this day : the path
Well-nigh is cleared ; scant pains it needeth yet.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ἐλθόντα γάρ νιν Πιτθέως ποτ' ἐκ δόμων
 σεμνῶν ἐς ὄψιν καὶ τέλη μυστηρίων
 Πανδίοιους γῆν, πατρός εὐγενῆς δάμαρ
 ἰδοῦσα Φαίδρα καρδίαν κατείχετο
 ἔρωτι δεινῷ τοῖς ἐμοῖς βουλευμασι.
 καὶ πρὶν μὲν ἔλθειν τήνδε γῆν Τροιζηνίαν,
 30 πέτραν παρ' αὐτὴν Παλλάδος κατόψιον
 γῆς τῆσδε ναὸν Κύπριδος ἐγκαθίστατο,
 ἔρῳσ' ἔρωτ' ἔκδημον· Ἴππολύτῳ δ' ἐπὶ
 τὸ λοιπὸν ὠνόμαζεν ἰδρῦσθαι θεάν.
 ἐπεὶ δὲ Θησεὺς Κεκροπίαν λείπει χθόνα,
 μίασμα φεύγων αἵματος Παλλαντιδῶν,
 καὶ τήνδε σὺν δάμαρτι ναυστολεῖ χθόνα,
 ἐνίανυσίαν ἔκδημον αἰνέσας φυγὴν,
 ἐνταῦθα δὴ στένουσα κάκπεπληγμένη
 κέντροις ἔρωτος ἢ τάλαιν' ἀπόλλυται
 40 σιγῇ· σύνοιδε δ' οὔτις οἰκετῶν νόσον.
 ἀλλ' οὔτι ταύτῃ τόνδ' ἔρωτα χρὴ πεσεῖν·
 δείξω δὲ Θησεῖ πρᾶγμα, κάκφανήσεται.
 καὶ τὸν μὲν ἡμῖν πολέμιον νεανίαν
 κτενεῖ πατὴρ ἀραῖσιν, ἃς ὁ πόντιος
 ἄναξ Ποσειδῶν ὥπασεν Θησεῖ γέρας,
 μηδὲν μάταιον εἰς τρεῖς εὐξασθαι θεῷ.
 ἢ δ' εὐκλεῆς μὲν, ἀλλ' ὅμως ἀπόλλυται,
 Φαίδρα· τὸ γὰρ τῆσδ' οὐ προτιμήσω κακὸν
 τὸ μὴ οὐ παρασχεῖν τοὺς ἐμούς ἐχθροὺς ἐμοὶ
 50 δίκην τοσαύτην ὥστ' ἐμοὶ καλῶς ἔχειν.
 ἀλλ', εἰσορῶ γὰρ τόνδε παῖδα Θησεῶς
 στείχοντα θήρας μόχθον ἐκλελοιπότα,
 Ἴππολύτον, ἔξω τῶνδε βήσομαι τόπων.
 πολὺς δ' ἄμ' αὐτῷ προσπόλων ὀπισθόπους
 κῶμος λέλακεν Ἄρτεμιν τιμῶν θεάν

HIPPOLYTUS

For, as from halls of Pittheus once he sought
Pandion's land, to see and to be sealed
In the Great Mysteries, Phaedra, high-born wife
Of his own father, saw him ; and her heart
In fierce love was enthralled by my device.

She, ere she came to this Troezenian land,
Hard by the Rock of Pallas, which looks down 30
On this land, built to me a shrine, for love
Of one afar ; and for Hippolytus' sake
She named it " Love Fast-anchored," for all time.
But since from Cecrops' land forth Theseus passed,
Fleeing the blood-guilt of the sons of Pallas,
And unto this shore with his wife hath sailed,
Submitting unto exile for one year,
Thenceforward, sighing and by stings of love
Distraught, the hapless one wastes down to death
Silent : her malady no handmaid knows. 40
Ah, but not so shall this love's issue fall.
Theseus shall know this thing ; all bared shall be :
And him that is my foe his sire shall slay
By curses, whose fulfilment the Sea-king
Poseidon gave to Theseus in this boon—
To ask thrée things of him, nor pray in vain.
And she shall die—O yea, her name unstained,
Yet Phaedra dies : I will not so regard
Her pain, as not to visit on my foes
Such penalty as is mine honour's due. 50

But,—forasmuch as Theseus' son I see
Yonder draw near, forsaking hunting's toil,
Hippolytus,—forth will I from this place.
Ha, a great press of henchmen following shout,
Honouring with songs the Goddess Artemis !

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ὑμνοισιν· οὐ γὰρ οἶδ' ἀνεωγμένας πύλας
 "Αἰδου φάος τε λίσσθιον βλέπων τόδε.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ἔπεσθ' ἄδοντες ἔπεσθε
 τὰν Διὸς οὐρανίαν
 60 "Ἀρτεμιν, ᾗ μελόμεσθα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΚΤΗΝΗΓΩΝ

πότνια πότνια σεμνοτάτα,
 Ζανὸς γένεθλον,
 χαῖρε χαῖρέ μοι, ὦ κόρα
 Λατοῦς "Ἀρτεμι καὶ Διός,
 καλλίστα πολὺ παρθένων,
 ἃ μέγαν κατ' οὐρανὸν
 ναίεις εὐπατέρειαν αὐλάν,
 Ζανὸς πολύχρυσον οἶκον.
 70 χαῖρέ μοι, ὦ καλλίστα
 καλλίστα τῶν κατ' "Ολυμπον
 παρθένων, "Ἀρτεμι.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

σοὶ τόνδε πλεκτὸν στέφανον ἐξ ἀκηράτου
 λειμῶνος, ὦ δέσποινα, κοσμήσας φέρω,
 ἔνθ' οὔτε ποιμὴν ἀξιοῖ φέρβειν βοτὰ
 οὔτ' ἦλθέ πω σίδηρος, ἀλλ' ἀκήρατον
 μέλισσα λειμῶν' ἥρινὸν διέρχεται·
 Αἰδῶς δὲ ποταμίαισι κηπεύει δρόσοις.
 ὅσοις διδακτὸν μηδέν, ἀλλ' ἐν τῇ φύσει
 80 τὸ σωφρονεῖν εἴληχεν εἰς τὰ πάνθ' ὁμῶς,
 τούτοις δρέπεσθαι, τοῖς κακοῖσι δ' οὐ θέμις.
 ἀλλ' ὦ φίλη δέσποινα, χρυσέας κόμης
 ἀνάδημα δέξαι χειρὸς εὐσεβοῦς ἄπο.
 μόνῳ γάρ ἐστι τοῦτ' ἐμοὶ γέρας βροτῶν·
 σοὶ καὶ ξύνειμι καὶ λόγοις σ' ἀμειβομαι,

HIPPOLYTUS

He knows not Hades' gates wide flung for him,
And this day's light the last his eyes shall see.

[*Exit.*

Enter HIPPOLYTUS *and* ATTENDANT HUNTSMEN.

HIPPOLYTUS

Follow on, follow on, ring out the lay
Unto Artemis high enthroned in the sky, 80
Zeus' child, in her keeping who hath us aye.

CHORUS OF HUNTSMEN

O Majesty, Daughter of Zeus, dread Queen,
I hail thee, Artemis, now,
O Leto's Daughter, O Zeus's child,
Loveliest far of the Undeiled !
In that great Home of the Mighty Father,
The palace of Zeus, mid the glory-sheen
Of gold—there dwellest thou.
O Fairest, to theeward in greeting I call, 70
Artemis, fairest of Maidens that gather
In Olympus' hall !

HIPPOLYTUS

For thee this woven garland from a mead
Unsullied have I twined, O Queen, and bring.
There never shepherd dares to feed his flock,
Nor steel of sickle came : only the bee
Roveth the springtide mead undesecrate :
And Reverence watereth it with river-dews.
They which have heritage of self-control
In all things, purity inborn, untaught, 80
These there may gather flowers, but none impure.
Now Queen, dear Queen, receive this anadem
From reverent hand to deck thy golden hair ;
For to me sole of men this grace is given,
That I be with thee, converse hold with thee,

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

κλύων μὲν αὐδὴν, ὄμμα δ' οὐχ ὀρών τὸ σόν.
τέλος δὲ κάμψαιμ' ὥσπερ ἡρξάμην βίου.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

ἄναξ, θεοὺς γὰρ δεσπότας καλεῖν χρεών,
ἄρ' ἂν τί μου δέξαιο βουλευσάντος εὖ ;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

90 καὶ κάρτα γ' ἧ γὰρ οὐ σοφοὶ φαινοίμεθ' ἄν.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

οἶσθ' οὖν βροτοῖσιν ὃς καθέστηκεν νόμος ;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

οὐκ οἶδα· τοῦ δὲ καὶ μ' ἀνιστορεῖς πέρι ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

μισεῖν τὸ σεμνὸν καὶ τὸ μὴ πᾶσιν φίλον ;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ὀρθῶς γε· τίς δ' οὐ σεμνὸς ἀχθεινὸς βροτῶν ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

ἐν δ' εὐπροσηγόροισιν ἔστι τις χάρις ;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

πλείστη γε, καὶ κέρδος γε σὺν μόχθῳ βραχεῖ.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

ἧ καὶ θεοῖσι ταὐτὸν ἐλπίζεις τόδε ;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

εἵπερ γε θνητοὶ θεῶν νόμοισι χρώμεθα.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

πῶς οὖν σὺ σεμνὴν daίμον' οὐ προσεννέπεις ;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

100 τίν' ; εὐλαβοῦ δὲ μή τι σοῦ σφαλῇ στόμα.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

τήνδ' ἧ πύλαισι σαῖς ἐφέστηκεν Κύπρις.

HIPPOLYTUS

Hearing thy voice, yet seeing not thy face.
And may I end life's race as I began.

SERVANT

Prince,—*Masters* may we call the Gods alone—
Wouldst thou receive of me good counselling?

HIPPOLYTUS

Yea surely: else were I fool manifest.

90

SERVANT

Knowest thou then the stablished wont of men?—

HIPPOLYTUS

Not I thy drift: whereof dost question me?

SERVANT

To hate the proud reserve that owns few friends.

HIPPOLYTUS

Rightly: what proud man is not odious?

SERVANT

And in the gracious is there naught of charm?

HIPPOLYTUS

Yea, much, and profit won with little pains.

SERVANT

And deem'st thou not this same may hold with
Gods?

HIPPOLYTUS

Yea, if men live by laws derived from Gods.

SERVANT

Why not then greet a Goddess worshipful?

HIPPOLYTUS

Whom?—have a care thy lips in no wise err.¹

100

SERVANT

Even Cypris, there above thy portal set.

¹ "The Worshipful Goddesses" was the peculiar title of the Eumenides, whom it was ill-omened to name.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

πρόσωθεν αὐτὴν ἀγνὸς ὦν ὑσπάζομαι.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

σεμνή γε μέντοι κἀπίσημος ἐν βροτοῖς.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ἄλλοισιν ἄλλος θεῶν τε κἀνθρώπων μέλει.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

εὐδαιμονοίης νοῦν ἔχων ὅσον σε δεῖ.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

οὐδεῖς μ' ἀρέσκει νυκτὶ θαυμαστὸς θεῶν.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

τιμαῖσιν, ὦ παῖ, δαιμόνων χρῆσθαι χρεῶν.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

110 χωρεῖτ', ὀπαδοί, καὶ παρελθόντες δόμους
σίτων μέλεσθε· τερπνὸν ἐκ κυναγίας
τράπεζα πλήρης· καὶ καταψήχειν χρεῶν
ἵππους, ὅπως ἂν ἄρμασι ζεύξας ὑπο
βορᾶς κορεσθεῖς γυμνάσω τὰ πρόσφορα·
τὴν σὴν δὲ Κύπριν πόλλ' ἐγὼ χαίρειν λέγω.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

120 ἡμεῖς δέ—τοὺς νέους γὰρ οὐ μιμητέον—
φρονούντες οὕτως ὥς πρέπει δούλοις λέγειν,
προσευξόμεσθα τοῖσι σοῖς ἀγάλμασι,
δέσποινα Κύπρι. χρὴ δὲ συγγνώμην ἔχειν,
εἴ τίς σ' ὑφ' ἥβης σπλάγχχνον ἔντονον φέρων
μάταια βάζει· μὴ δόκει τούτου κλύειν·
σοφωτέρους γὰρ χρὴ βροτῶν εἶναι θεούς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὠκεανοῦ τις ὕδωρ
στάζουσα πέτρα λέγεται
βαπτὰν κάλπισι ρυτὰν

στρ. α'

HIPPOLYTUS

HIPPOLYTUS

From far I greet her, who am undefiled.

SERVANT

Worshipful is she, glorious among men.

HIPPOLYTUS

Of Gods, of men, each maketh still his choice.

SERVANT

Now prosper thou ;—be needful wisdom thine !

HIPPOLYTUS

No God who hath night-homage pleaseth me.

SERVANT

Guerdons of Gods, my son, ought men to use.

HIPPOLYTUS

Depart, mine henchmen, enter ye the halls,
And set on bread. The full board welcome is
When hunting's done. And one must groom mysteeds, 110
That I may yoke them to the chariot-pole,
Being full of meat, and breathe them in the race.
But to thy Cypris wave I long farewell. [Exit.

SERVANT

But we—who must not tread in steps of youth—
With whispered humbleness most meet for thralls
Make supplication to thine images,
Queen Cypris. It beseems thee to forgive,
If one that bears through youth a vehement heart
Speak folly. Be as though thou heardest not ;
For wiser Gods should be than mortal men. [Exit. 120
Enter CHORUS of Troezenian Ladies.

CHORUS

(*Str.* 1)

A rock there is, wherefrom, as they tell, the springs
of the heart of the Ocean well,
Whence the rifts of the crags overbeetling send

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

παγὰν προΐεισα κρημνῶν,
 ὅθι μοί τις ἦν φίλα,
 πορφύρεα φάρεα
 ποταμία δρόσω
 τέγγουσα, θερμᾶς δ' ἐπὶ νῶτα πέτρας
 εὐαλίου κατέβαλλ'. ὅθεν μοι
 130 πρῶτα φάτις ἦλθε δέσποινας·

τειρομένην νοσερᾷ
 κοῖτα δέμας ἐντὸς ἔχειν
 οἴκων, λεπτὰ δὲ φάρη
 ξανθὰν κεφαλὰν σκιάζειν.
 τριτάταν δέ νιν κλύω
 τάνδε κατ' ἀμβροσίου
 στόματος ἀμέραν
 Δάματρος ἀκτᾶς δέμας ἀγνὸν ἴσχειν,
 140 κρυπτῷ πάθει θανάτου θέλουσαν
 κέλσαι ποτὶ τέρμα δύστανον.

ἡ σύ γ' ¹ ἐνθεος, ὦ κούρα,
 εἴτ' ἐκ Πανὸς εἴθ' Ἑκάτας
 ἡ σεμνῶν Κορυβάντων
 φοιτᾶς, ἡ ματρὸς ὀρείας ;
 σὺ δ' ἀμφὶ τὰν πολύθηρον
 Δίκτυναν ἀμπλακίαις
 ἀνίερος ἀθύτων πελάνων τρύχει ;
 φοιτᾷ γὰρ καὶ διὰ λίμνας
 150 χέρσον θ' ὑπὲρ πελάγους
 δίναις ἐν νοτίαις ἄλμας.

ἡ πόσιω, τὸν Ἑρεχθιδᾶν
 ἀρχαγὸν, τὸν εὐπατρίδαν,

ἀντ. α'

στρ. β'

ἀντ. β'

¹ Metzger : for σὺ γὰρ of MSS.

HIPPOLYTUS

For the plunging urns their founts outstreaming :
Even there did I light on a maiden, my friend,
As she drenched the mantles purple-gleaming
In the riverward-glittering spray,
And spread the dye of the Tyrian shell on the rocks
where glowing the sunbeams fell.
Hers were the lips that I first heard say
How wasteth our lady away : 130

(*Ant.* 1)

For a tale they told of a fevered bed, of the feet that
forth of her bower ne'er tread,
Of the dainty-woven veil that is cast
For a darkness over the tresses golden.
Yea, and by this hath the third day past [holden
That the queen from her fair young lips hath with-
The gift of the Lady of Corn,
Keeping her body thereof unfed, as though 'twere
pollution to taste of bread,
With anguish unuttered longing forlorn
One haven to win—death's bourn. 140

O queen, what if this be possession (*Str.* 2)
Of Pan or of Hecate?—
Of the Mother of Dindymus' Hill?—
Or the awful Corybant thrill?
Or hath Artemis found transgression
Of offerings unrendered in thee? [here?—
Hath the hand of the Huntress been
For she flasheth o'er mountain and mere,
And rideth her triumph-procession
Over surges and swirls of the sea. 150

Or thy princely lord, in whose leading (*Ant.* 2)
Be the hosts of Erechtheus' race,

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

160 ποιμαίνει τις ἐν οἰκοῖς
κρυπτὰ κοῖτα λεχέων σῶν ;
ἢ ναυβάτας τις ἔπλευσεν
Κρήτας ἔξορμος ἀνὴρ
λιμένα τὸν εὖξεινότατον ναύταις,
φάμαν πέμπων βασιλείᾳ,
λύπα δ' ὑπὲρ παθέων
εὐναία δέδεται ψυχᾷ ;

φιλεῖ δὲ τᾷ δυστρόπῳ γυναικῶν ἐπ' ὠδ.
ἁρμονία κακὰ δύστανος
ἀμηχανία συνοικεῖν
ὠδίνων τε καὶ ἀφροσύνας.
δι' ἐμᾶς ἤξέν ποτε νηδύος ἄδ' αὔρα·
τὰν δ' εὖλοχον οὐρανίαν
τόξων μεδέουσαν αὐτεὺν
Ἄρτεμιν, καὶ μοι πολυζήλωτος αἰεὶ
σὺν θεοῖσι φοιτᾷ.

170 ἄλλ' ἦδε τροφὸς γεραιὰ πρὸ θυρῶν
τῇνδε κομίζουσ' ἔξω μελίθρων·
στυγνὸν δ' ὀφρύων νέφος αὐξάνεται.
τί ποτ' ἔστι μαθεῖν ἔραται ψυχῇ,
τί δεδήληται
δέμας ἀλλόχροον βασιλείας.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

180 ὦ κακὰ θνητῶν στυγεραὶ τε νόσοι.
τί σ' ἐγὼ δράσω ; τί δὲ μὴ δράσω ;
τόδε σοι φέγγος λαμπρὸν, ὃδ' αἰθιρ·
ἔξω δὲ δόμων ἤδη νοσερᾷς
δέμνια κοίτης.

HIPPOLYTUS

Hath one in his halls beguiled,
That thy couch is in secret defiled ?
Or hath some sea-trafficker, speeding
From Cretè over watery ways
To the haven where shipmen would be,
Brought dolorous tidings to thee
That hath bowed thee with anguish exceeding
On thy bed through thy soul's prison-days 160
(*Epode*)

Or shall this be the discord mournful, weirdly
haunting, [of woman's being ?
That oft-times jarreth and jangleth the strings
'Tis the shadow of travail-throes nigh, a delirium
spirit-daunting : [have felt it shiver :
Yea, I have known it, through mine own bosom
But I cried to the Queen of the Bow, to the Helper
in travail-throe for refuge fleeing ;
And by grace of the Gods she hearkeneth ever
my fervent request, she is there to deliver.

But lo, through the doors where cometh the grey- 170
haired nurse

Leading the stricken one forth of her bowers :
On her brows aye darker the care-cloud lowers.
My spirit is yearning to know what is this strange
curse,

Wherefore the queen's cheek ever is paling,
And her strength is failing.

Enter PHAEDRA, NURSE, and HANDMAIDS.

NURSE

O afflictions of mortals, O bitter pain !
What shall I do unto thee, or refrain ?
Lo here is the light of the sun, the sky :
Brought forth of the halls is thy bed ; hereby
Thy cushions lie. 180

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

δεῦρο γὰρ ἐλθεῖν πᾶν ἔπος ἦν σοι·
τάχα δ' εἰς θαλάμους σπεύσεις το πῖλιν.
ταχὺ γὰρ σφάλλει κούδενι χαίρεις,
οὐδέ σ' ἀρέσκει τὸ παρόν, τὸ δ' ἀπὸν
φίλτερον ἡγεί.

190 κρεῖσσον δὲ νοσεῖν ἢ θεραπεύειν·
τὸ μὲν ἐστὶν ἀπλοῦν, τῷ δὲ συνάπτει
λύπη τε φρενῶν χερσὶν τε πόνος.
πᾶς δ' ὀδυνηρὸς βίος ἀνθρώπων,
κούκ' ἐστὶ πόνων ἀνάπαυσις·
ἀλλ' ὅ τι τοῦ ζῆν φίλτερον ἄλλο
σκότος ἀμπίσχων κρύπτει νεφέλαις.
δυσέρωτες δὴ φαινόμεθ' ὄντες
τοῦδ', ὅ τι τοῦτο στίλβει κατὰ γῆν,
δι' ἀπειροσύνην ἄλλου βιότου
κούκ' ἀπόδειξιν τῶν ὑπὸ γαίας·
μύθοις δ' ἄλλως φερόμεσθα.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

200 αἵρετέ μου δέμας, ὀρθοῦτε κᾶρα·
λέλυμαι μελέων σύνδεσμα, φίλαι.
λάβετ' εὐπήχεις χεῖρας, πρόπολοι.
βαρὺ μοι κεφαλᾶς ἐπὶ κρανὸν ἔχειν·
ἄφελ', ἀμπέτασον βόστρυχόν ὦμοις.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

θάρσει, τέκνον, καὶ μὴ χαλεπῶς
μετάβαλλε δέμας.
ῥᾶον δὲ νόσον μετὰ θ' ἡσυχίας
καὶ γενναίου λήματος οἴσεις·
μοχθεῖν δὲ βροτοῖσιν ἀνάγκη.

HIPPOLYTUS

Hitherward wouldst thou come ; it was all thy moan :
Yet aback to thy bowers wilt thou fret to be gone.
Thou art soon disappointed, thou joyest in naught,
What thou hast cannot please thee ; a thing far-sought

Thy fancy hath caught.

Better be sick than tend the sick :
Here is but one pain ; grief of mind
And toil of hands be there combined.
O'er all man's life woes gather thick ;

190

Ne'er from its travail respite is.
If better life beyond be found,
The darkness veils, clouds wrap it round ;
Therefore infatuate-fond to this

We cling—this earth's poor sunshine-gleam :
Naught know we of the life to come,
There speak no voices from the tomb :
We drift on fable's shadowy stream.

PHAEDRA

Uplift ye my body, mine head upraise.
Friends, faint be my limbs, and unknit be their
bands.

Hold, maidens, my rounded arms and mine hands. 200
Ah, the coif on mine head all heavily weighs :
Take it thence till mine hair o'er my shoulders strays !

NURSE

Take heart, my child, nor in such wild wise
Toss thou thy body so feveredly.
Lighter to bear shall thy sickness be,
If thine high-born courage in calm strength rise :
For the doom of sorrow on all men lies.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

αἰαῖ.

210 πῶς ἂν δροσερᾶς ἀπὸ κρηνίδος
καθαρῶν ὑδάτων πῶμ' ἀρυσαίμαν,
ὑπὸ τ' αἰγείροις ἐν τε κομήτῃ
λειμῶνι κλιθεῖς' ἀναπανσαίμαν.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ὦ παῦ, τί θροεῖς ;
οὐ μὴ παρ' ὄχλῳ τάδε γηρύσει
μανίας ἔποχον ῥίπτουσα λόγον ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

220 πέμπετε μ' εἰς ὄρος· εἴμι πρὸς ὕλαν
καὶ παρὰ πεύκας, ἵνα θηροφόνου
στείβουσι κύνες
βαλιαῖς ἐλάφοις ἐγχιριμπτόμεναι
πρὸς θεῶν, ἔραμαι κυσὶ θωῦξαι
καὶ παρὰ χαίταν ξανθὰν ῥῖνφαι
Θεσσαλὸν ὄρπακ', ἐπίλογχον ἔχουσ'
ἐν χειρὶ βέλος.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

τί πότ', ὦ τέκνον, τάδε κηραίνεις ;
τί κυνηγεσίῳ καὶ σοὶ μελέτῃ ;
τί δὲ κρηναίων νασμῶν ἔρασαι ;
πάρα γὰρ δροσερὰ πύργοις συνεχῆς
κλιτύς, ὅθεν σοι πῶμα γένοιτ' ἄν.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

230 δέσποιν' ἄλλας Ἄρτεμι Λίμνας
καὶ γυμνασίῳ τῶν ἵπποκρότων,
εἶθε γενοίμαν ἐν σοῖς δαπέδοις,
πώλους Ἐνέτας δαμαλιζόμενα.

HIPPOLYTUS

PHAEDRA

Oh but to quaff, where the spray-veil drifteth
O'er taintless fountains, the dear cool stream ! 210
Oh to lie in the mead where the soft wind lifteth
Its tresses—'neath poplars to lie and dream !

NURSE

My child, my child, what is this thou hast cried ?
Ah, speak not thus, with a throng at thy side,
Wild words that on wings of madness ride !

PHAEDRA

Let me hence to the mountain afar—I will hie me
To the forest, the pines where the stag-hounds
follow
Hard after the fleet dappled hinds as they fly me !
Oh, I long to cheer them with hunter's hollo,—
Ah God, were I there !—
And to grasp the Thessalian shaft steel-gleaming, 220
And to swing it on high by my hair outstreaming—
My golden hair !

NURSE

What wouldst thou, my darling, of suchlike things ?
Will naught save the hunt and the hounds content ?
And why art thou yearning for fountain-springs ?
Lo, nigh to thy towers is a soft-sloped bent
With streams for thy drinking dew-besprent.

PHAEDRA

Lady of Limne, the burg looking seaward,
Of the thunder of hoofs on the wide race-courses,
Oh for the plains where the altars to theeward 230
Flame, there to be curbing the Henetan horses !

179

N 2

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

τί τόδ' αὖ παράφρων ἔρριψας ἔπος ;
 νῦν δὴ μὲν ὄρος βᾶσ' ἐπὶ θήρας
 πόθον ἐστέλλον, νῦν δ' αὖ ψαμάθοις
 ἐπ' ἀκυμάντοις πώλων ἔρασαι.
 τάδε μαντείας ἄξια πολλῆς,
 ὅστις σε θεῶν ἀνασειράζει
 καὶ παρακόπτει φρένας, ὦ παῖ.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

240 δύστανος ἐγώ, τί ποτ' εἰργασάμαν ;
 ποῖ παρεπλάγχθην γνώμας ἀγαθᾶς ;
 ἐμάνην, ἔπεσον δαίμονος ἅτα.
 φεῦ φεῦ, τλάμων.
 μαῖα, πάλιν μου κρίψον κεφαλάν'
 αἰδούμεθα γὰρ τὰ λελεγμένα μοι.
 κρίπτε· κατ' ὅσων δάκρυ μοι βαίνει,
 καὶ ἐπ' αἰσχύναν ὄμμα τέτραπται.
 τὸ γὰρ ὀρθοῦσθαι γνώμαν ὀδυνᾷ,
 τὸ δὲ μαινόμενον κακόν· ἀλλὰ κρατεῖ
 μὴ γιγνώσκοντ' ἀπολέσθαι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

250 κρύπτω· τὸ δ' ἐμὸν πότε δὴ θάνατος
 σῶμα καλύψει;
 πολλὰ διδάσκει μ' ὁ πολὺς βίος·
 χρὴν γὰρ μετρίας εἰς ἀλλήλους
 φιλίας θνητοὺς ἀνακίρνασθαι,
 καὶ μὴ πρὸς ἄκρον μυελὸν ψυχῆς,
 εὖλυτα δ' εἶναι στέργηθρα φρενῶν
 ἀπό τ' ὥσασθαι καὶ ξυντεῖναι.
 τὸ δ' ὑπὲρ δισσῶν μίαν ὠδίνειν
 ψυχὴν χαλεπὸν βάρος, ὥς κἀγὼ
 260 τῇσδ' ὑπεραλγῶ.

HIPPOLYTUS

NURSE

What speech in thy frenzy outflingest thou ?
The mountain-ward path then fain hadst thou
taken
On the track of the beasts : and thou yearnest now
For the steeds on the sea-sands wave-forsaken !
Of a surety the lore of a seer we lack
To tell what God, child, reineth thee back,
And scourgeth thy spirit from reason's track.

PHAEDRA

O hapless I—what is this I have done ?
Whitherward have I wandered from wisdom's way ? 240
I was mad, by a God's curse overthrown.
Oh ill-starred—well-a-day !
Dear Nurse, veil over mine head once more ;
For I blush for the words from my lips that came.
Veil me : the tears from mine eyes down pour,
And mine eyelids sink for shame.
For anguish wakes when re-dawneth the mind :
Though a curse be madness, herein is it kind,
That the soul that it ruins it striketh blind.

NURSE

I veil thee :—ah that death would veil 250
Me too !—with many a lesson stern
The years have brought, this too I learn—
Be links of mortal friendship frail !

Let heart-strings ne'er together cling,
Nor be indissolubly twined
The chords of love, but lightly joined
For knitting close or severing.

Ah weary burden, where one soul
Travails for twain, as mine for thee ! 260

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

βίотου δ' ἀτρεκεῖς ἐπιτηδεύσεις
 φασὶ σφάλλειν πλέον ἢ τέρπειν,
 τῇ θ' ὑγιείᾳ μᾶλλον πολεμεῖν.
 οὕτω τὸ λῖαν ἥσσον ἐπαινῶ
 τοῦ μηδὲν ἄγαν
 καὶ ξυμφήσουσι σοφοί μοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

γύναι γεραία, βασιλίδος πιστὴ τροφὴ
 Φαίδρας, ὁρῶ μὲν τάσδε δυστήνους τύχας,
 ἄσημα δ' ἡμῖν ἥτις ἐστὶν ἡ νόσος·
 270 σοῦ δ' ἂν πυθέσθαι καὶ κλύειν βουλοίμεθ' ἄν.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

οὐκ οἶδ' ἐλέγχουσ'· οὐ γὰρ ἐννέπειν θέλει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐδ' ἥτις ἀρχὴ τῶνδε πημάτων ἔφν·

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

εἰς ταῦτ' ἥκει· πάντα γὰρ σιγᾷ τάδε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὥς ἀσθενεῖ τε καὶ κατέξανται δέμας.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

πῶς δ' οὐ, τριταίαν οὔσ' ἄσιτος ἡμέραν·

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πότερον ὑπ' ἄτης ἢ θανεῖν πειρωμένη·

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

θανεῖν· ἀσιτεῖ δ' εἰς ἀπόστασιν βίου.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

θαυμαστὸν εἶπας, εἰ τὰδ' ἐξαρκεῖ πόσει.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

κρύπτει γὰρ ἦδε πῆμα κοῦ φησιν νοσεῖν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

280 ὁ δ' εἰς πρόσωπον οὐ τεκμαίρεται βλέπων·

HIPPOLYTUS

Ruin, not bliss, say they, shall be
Care's life-absorbing heart-control.

Yea, that way sickness, madness, lies.
Therefore "the overmuch" shall be
Less than "the naught-too-much" for me :
So say I : so shall say the wise.

CHORUS

Thou grey-haired dame, queen Phaedra's loyal nurse,
In sooth I mark her lamentable plight,
Yet what her malady, to us is dark.
Fain would we question thee and hear thereof. 270

NURSE

I know not, though I ask : she will not tell.

CHORUS

Nor what was the beginning of these woes ?

NURSE

The same thy goal : naught sayeth she of all.

CHORUS

How strengthless and how wasted is her frame !

NURSE

No marvel, being three days foodless now.

CHORUS

Madness is this, or set resolve to die ?

NURSE

To die : she fasteth to make end of life.

CHORUS

Strange is thy tale, if this content her lord.

NURSE

Nay, but she hides her pain, nor owns she ails.

CHORUS

Should he not guess ?—one glance upon her face ? 280

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ἔκδημος ὦν γὰρ τῇσδε τυγχάνει χθονός.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σὺ δ' οὐκ ἀνάγκην προσφέρεις, πειρωμένη
νόσον πυθέσθαι τῇσδε καὶ πλάνον φρενῶν ;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

εἰς πᾶν ἀφῦγμαι κούδεν εἵργασμαι πλέον
οὐ μὴν ἀνήσω γ' οὐδὲ νῦν προθυμίας,
ὥς ἂν παροῦσα καὶ σύ μοι ξυμμαρτυρῆς
οἷα πέφυκα δυστυχοῦσι δεσπόταις.

290 ἄγ', ὦ φίλη παῖ, τῶν πάροιθε μὲν λόγων
λαθώμεθ' ἄμφω, καὶ σύ θ' ἡδίων γενοῦ
στυγνὴν ὄφρυν λύσασα καὶ γνώμης ὁδόν,
ἐγὼ θ' ὅπῃ σοι μὴ καλῶς τόθ' εἰπόμην
μεθεῖς' ἐπ' ἄλλον εἶμι βελτίῳ λόγον.

κεῖ μὲν νοσεῖς τι τῶν ἀπορρήτων κακῶν,
γυναῖκες αἶδε συγκαθιστάναι νόσον·

εἰ δ' ἐκφορός σοι συμφορὰ πρὸς ἄρσενας,
λέγ', ὥς ἰατροῖς πρᾶγμα μηνυθῇ τόδε.

εἶεν· τί σιγᾶς ; οὐκ ἐχρῆν σιγᾶν, τέκνον,
ἀλλ' ἢ μ' ἐλέγχειν, εἴ τι μὴ καλῶς λέγω,
ἢ τοῖσιν εὖ λεχθεῖσι συγχωρεῖν λόγοις.

300 φθέγγξαι τι, δεῦρ' ἄθρησον· ὦ τάλαιν' ἐγώ.

γυναῖκες, ἄλλως τούσδε μοχθοῦμεν πόνους,
ἴσον δ' ἄπεσμεν τῷ πρίν· οὔτε γὰρ τότε
λόγοις ἐτέγγεθ' ἥδε νῦν τ' οὐ πείθεται.

ἀλλ' ἴσθι μέντοι—πρὸς τὰδ' αὐθαδεστέρα
γίγνου θαλάσσης—εἰ θανεῖ, προδοῦσα σους
παῖδας πατρώων μὴ μεθέξοντας δόμων,
μὰ τὴν ἀνασσαν ἱππίαν Ἀμαζόνα,
ἢ σοῖς τέκνοισι δεσπότην ἐγείνατο
νόθον φρονούντα γνήσι', οἷσθά νιν καλῶς,
Ἴππόλυτον,—

HIPPOLYTUS

NURSE

Nay, absent is he from this land of late.

CHORUS

But thou—dost not constrain her, strive to learn
Her malady and wandering of her wit ?

NURSE

All have I tried, and naught the more availed.
Yet will I not even now abate my zeal :
So stand thou by and witness unto me
How true am I to mine afflicted lords.

Come, darling child, the words said heretofore
Forget we both ; more gracious-souled be thou :
Thy lowering brow, thy wayward mood, put by ; 290
And I, wherein I erred in following thee,
Refrain, and unto wiser counsels seek.
If thy disease be that thou mayst not name,
Lo women here to allay thy malady.
But if to men thy trouble may be told,
Speak, that to leeches this may be declared.
Ha, silent ?—silence, child, beseems thee not.
Or thou shouldst chide me if I speak not well,
Or unto pleadings wisely uttered yield.
One word !—look hitherward ! . . . ah, woe is me ! 300
Women, we toil and spend our strength for naught,
And still are far as ever : of my words
Unmelted was she then, nor hearkeneth now.

Howbeit know thou—then be waywarder
Than is the sea,—thy death shall but betray
Thy sons, who shall not share their father's halls—
No, by that chariot-queen, the Amazon,
Who bare to thy sons a bastard over-lord,—
Not bastard-thoughted,—well thou knowest him,
Hippolytus—

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

οἶμοι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

θιγγάνει σέθεν τόδε ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ἀπώλεσάς με, μαῖα, καί σε πρὸς θεῶν
τοῦδ' ἀνδρὸς αὐτίς λίσσομαι σιγᾶν πέρι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ὀρᾷς ; φρονεῖς μὲν εὖ, φρονοῦσα δ' οὐ θέλεις
παῖδάς τ' ὀνῆσαι καὶ σὸν ἐκσῶσαι βίον.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

φιλῶ τέκν'. ἄλλη δ' ἐν τύχῃ χειμάζομαι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ἀγνὰς μὲν, ὦ παῖ, χεῖρας αἵματος φορεῖς ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

χεῖρες μὲν ἀγναί, φρῆν δ' ἔχει μίασμά τι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

μῶν ἐξ ἐπακτοῦ πημονῆς ἐχθρῶν τινός ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

φίλος μ' ἀπόλλυσ' οὐχ ἐκοῦσαν οὐχ ἐκών.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

320 Ὁησεύς τιν' ἡμάρτηκεν εἰς σ' ἁμαρτίαν ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

μὴ δρῶσ' ἔγωγ' ἐκείνον ὀφθείην κακῶς.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

τί γὰρ τὸ δεινὸν τοῦθ' ὃ σ' ἐξαίρει θανεῖν ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ἔα μ' ἁμαρτεῖν· οὐ γὰρ εἰς σ' ἁμαρτάνω.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

οὐ δῆθ' ἐκοῦσά γ', ἐν δὲ σοὶ λελεῖψομαι.

HIPPOLYTUS

PHAEDRA
Woe's me!

NURSE

It stings thee, this?

310

PHAEDRA

Thou hast undone me, nurse: by heaven, I pray,
Speak thou the name of this man nevermore.

NURSE

Lo there!—thy wit is sound: yet of thy wit
Thou wilt not help thy sons nor save thy life!

PHAEDRA

I love them: other storms of fate toss me.

NURSE

Sure, thine are hands, my child, unstained with blood?

PHAEDRA

Pure be mine hands: the stain is on my soul.

NURSE

Not, not of sorcery-spells by some foe cast?

PHAEDRA

A friend's blow this, unsought of him or me.

NURSE

Hath Theseus wrought against thee any sin?

320

PHAEDRA

May I be found as clear of wrong to him!

NURSE

What then is this strange thing that deathward
drives thee?

PHAEDRA

Let be my sin! Not against thee I sin.

NURSE

Of my will, never! On thine head my failure!

[Clings to PHAEDRA's hands.

187

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

τί δρᾷς ; βιάζει χειρὸς ἐξαρτωμένη ;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

καὶ σὼν γε γονάτων, κοῦ μεθήσομαί ποτε.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

κάκ', ὦ τάλαινα, σοὶ τάδ', εἰ πεύσει, κακά.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

μείζον γὰρ ἢ σοῦ μὴ τυχεῖν τί μοι κακόν ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ὀλεῖ· τὸ μέντοι πρᾶγμ' ἐμοὶ τιμὴν φέρει.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

330 κᾶπειτα κρύπτεις χρήσθ' ἰκνουμένης ἐμοῦ ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ἐκ τῶν γὰρ αἰσχρῶν ἐσθλὰ μηχανώμεθα.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

οὐκουν λέγουσα τιμωτέρα φανεῖ ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ἄπελθε πρὸς θεῶν δεξιᾶς τ' ἐμῆς μέθες.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

οὐ δῆτ', ἐπεὶ μοι δῶρον οὐ δίδως ὃ χρῆν.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

δώσω· σέβας γὰρ χειρὸς αἰδοῦμαι τὸ σόν.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

σιγῶμ' ἂν ἤδη· σὸς γὰρ οὐντεῦθεν λόγος.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ὦ τλήμον, οἶον, μῆτερ, ἡράσθης ἔρον,

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ὃν ἔσχε ταύρου, τέκνον, ἢ τί φῆς τόδε ;

HIPPOLYTUS

PHAEDRA

Violence to me!—to mine hand clingest thou?

NURSE

Yea, and thy knees—nor ever will let go!

PHAEDRA

Thy doom, unhappy, shouldst thou hear in mine.

NURSE

What darker doom for me than losing thee?

PHAEDRA

Death! Ah, but mine own death shall be mine honour!

NURSE

Still dost thou hide it, when I pray thy good? 330

PHAEDRA

Yea, for I fashion out of evil good.

NURSE

If then thou tell me, more shall be thine honour.

PHAEDRA

For God's sake hence away: let go mine hand.

NURSE

No!—while thou grantest not the boon my due.

PHAEDRA

I will, in reverence of thy suppliant hand.

NURSE

I am dumb: henceforth thy part it is to speak.

PHAEDRA

O hapless mother¹!—what strange love was thine!

NURSE

Love for the bull, my child?—or what wouldst name?

¹ Pasiphaë, of whose unnatural passion the Minotaur was born.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

σύ τ', ὦ τάλαιν' ὄμαιμε, Διονύσου δάμαρ,

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

340 τέκνον, τί πάσχεις ; συγγόνους κακορροθεῖς ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

τρίτη τ' ἐγὼ δύστηνος ὥς ἀπόλλυμαι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ἔκ τοι πέπληγμαι· ποῖ προβήσεται λόγος ;·

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ἐκείθεν ἡμεῖς οὐ νεωστὶ δυστυχεῖς.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

οὐδέν τι μᾶλλον οἶδ' ἂ βούλομαι κλύειν.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

φεῦ·

πῶς ἂν σύ μοι λέξειας ἀμέ χρη λέγειν ;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

οὐ μάντις εἰμὶ τὰφανῇ γινῶναι σαφῶς.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

τί τοῦθ', ὃ δὴ λέγουσιν ἀνθρώπους, ἐρᾶν ;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ἥδιστον, ὦ παῖ, ταῦτόν ἀλγεινόν θ' ἄμα.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ἡμεῖς ἄρ' ἤμεν θατέρῳ κεχρημένοι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

350 τί φής ; ἐρᾶς, ὦ τέκνον, ἀνθρώπων τίνος ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ὅστις πόθ' οὗτός ἐσθ', ὃ τῆς Ἀμαζόνης —

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

Ἴππόλυτον αὐδᾶς ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

σοῦ τᾶδ', οὐκ ἐμοῦ κλύεις.

HIPPOLYTUS

PHAEDRA

And thou, sad sister, Dionysus' bride¹!

NURSE

What ails thee, child?—dost thou revile thy kin? 340

PHAEDRA

And I the third—how am I misery-wrecked!

NURSE

I am 'wildered all—whereunto tend thy words?

PHAEDRA

To the rock that wrecks us all, yea, from of old.

NURSE

None the more know I that I fain would know.

PHAEDRA

Ah, couldst thou say for me what I must say!

NURSE

No seer am I to interpret hidden things.

PHAEDRA

What mean they when they speak of this—to love?

NURSE

The sweetest thing, my child—the bitterest too.

PHAEDRA

For me, the second only have I proved.

NURSE

What say'st thou?—child, thou lovest—oh, what
man? 350

PHAEDRA

Whate'er his name—'tis he—the Amazon's—

NURSE

Hippolytus!

PHAEDRA

Thou sayest it, not I.

¹ Ariadne, who, for Theseus' sake, was traitress to her father.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

οἷμοι, τί λέξεις, τέκνον ; ὥς μ' ἀπώλεσας.
 γυναῖκες, οὐκ ἀνασχέτ', οὐκ ἀνέξομαι
 ζῶσ'. ἐχθρὸν ἡμαρ, ἐχθρὸν εἰσορῶ φάος.
 ῥίψω, μεθήσω σῶμ', ἀπαλλαχθήσομαι
 βίου θανούσα· χαίρετ'· οὐκέτ' εἴμ' ἐγώ.
 οἱ σώφρονες γὰρ οὐχ ἐκόντες, ἀλλ' ὁμως
 360 κακῶν ἐρῶσι. Κύπρις οὐκ ἄρ' ἦν θεός,
 ἀλλ' εἴ τι μεῖζον ἄλλο γίνεταί θεοῦ,
 ἢ τήνδε καμὲ καὶ δόμους ἀπώλεσεν.

ΚΟΡΟΣ

ἄιες ᾧ, ἔκλυες ᾧ
 ἀνήκουστα τᾶς
 τυράννου πάθεα μέλεα θρεομένας.
 ὀλοίμαν ἔγωγε, πρὶν σᾶν, φίλα,
 κατανύσαι φρενῶν. ἰὼ μοι, φεῦ φεῦ.
 ᾧ τάλαινα τῶνδ' ἀλγέων
 ᾧ πόνοι τρέφοντες βροτούς.
 ὀλωλας, ἐξέφηνας εἰς φάος κακά.
 370 τίς σε παναμέριος ὅδε χρόνος μένει ;
 τελευτάσεται τι καινὸν δόμοις.
 ἄσημα δ' οὐκέτ' ἐστὶν οἷ φθίνει τύχα
 Κύπριδος, ᾧ τάλαινα παῖ Κρησία.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

Τροιζήνιαι γυναῖκες, αἱ τόδ' ἔσχατον
 οἰκείτε χώρας Πελοπίας προνώπιον,
 ἤδη ποτ' αὖπνος νυκτὸς ἐν μακρῷ χρόνῳ
 θνητῶν ἐφρόντισ' ἢ διέφθαρται βίος.
 καί μοι δοκοῦσιν οὐ κατὰ γνώμης φύσιν
 πράσσειν κάκιον, ἔστι γὰρ τό γ' εὐφρονεῖν
 πολλοῖσιν, ἀλλὰ τῇδ' ἀθρητέον τόδε·
 380 τὰ χρήστ' ἐπιστάμεσθα καὶ γιγνώσκομεν,

HIPPOLYTUS

NURSE

Woe, child ! What wilt thou say ? Thou hast dealt
me death !

Friends, 'tis past bearing. I will not endure
To live. O hateful life, loathed light to see !

I'll cast away, yield up, my frame, be rid
Of life by death ! Farewell, I am no more.

The virtuous love—not willingly, yet love

The evil. Sure no Goddess Cypris is,

But, if it may be, something more than God,

Who hath ruined her, and me, and all this house.

360

CHORUS

(*Str. to 669-79*)

Hast thou heard ?—the unspeakable tale hast thou
hearkened,

The wail of my lady's anguish-throe ?

O may I die, ah me ! ere I know,

Dear lady, a spirit as thine so darkened.

O misery-burdened, O whelmed in woe !

O troubles that cradle the children of men !

Undone !—all's bared to the daylight's ken.

Ah, weariful season for thee remaining !

Dark looms o'er the household the shadow of doom. 370

Plain now where the star of thy love is waning,

O hapless daughter of Crete's proud home !

PHAEDRA

Troezenian women, ye which here abide

Upon the utmost march of Pelops' land,

Oft sleepless in the weary-wearing night

Have I mused how the life of men is wrecked.

'Tis not, meseems, through inborn folly of soul

They fare so ill,—discretion dwells at least

With many,—but we thus must look hereon :

That which is good we learn and recognise,

380

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ἐκπονοῦμεν δ', οἳ μὲν ἀργίας ὑπο,
 οἳ δ' ἡδονὴν προθέντες ἀντὶ τοῦ καλοῦ
 ἄλλην τιν'. εἰσὶ δ' ἡδοναὶ πολλαὶ βίου,
 μακραί τε λésχαι καὶ σχολή, τερπνὸν κακόν,
 αἰδώς τε. δισσαὶ δ' εἰσὶν, ἥ μὲν οὐ κακὴ,
 ἥ δ' ἄχθος οἴκων. εἰ δ' ὁ καιρὸς ἦν σαφής,
 οὐκ ἂν δύ' ἦσθην ταῦτ' ἔχοντε γράμματα.
 ταῦτ' οὖν ἐπειδὴ τυγχάνω φρονούσ' ἐγώ,
 οὐκ ἔσθ' ὁποῖα φαρμάκῳ διαφθερεῖν
 390 ἔμελλον, ὥστε τοῦμπαλιν πεσεῖν φρενῶν.
 λέξω δὲ καὶ σοὶ τῆς ἐμῆς γνώμης ὁδόν·
 ἐπεὶ μ' ἔρωσ ἔτρωσεν, ἐσκόπουν ὅπως
 κάλλιστ' ἐνέγκαιμ' αὐτόν. ἡρξάμην μὲν οὖν
 ἐκ τοῦδε, σιγᾶν τήνδε καὶ κρύπτειν νόσον.
 γλώσση γὰρ οὐδὲν πιστόν, ἥ θυραῖα μὲν
 φρονήματ' ἀνδρῶν νουθετεῖν ἐπίσταται,
 αὐτὴ δ' ὑφ' αὐτῆς πλείστα κέκτηται κακά.
 τὸ δεύτερον δὲ τὴν ἄνοιαν εὖ φέρειν
 τῷ σωφρονεῖν νικῶσα προῦνοησάμην.
 400 τρίτον δ', ἐπειδὴ τοισίδ' οὐκ ἐξήνυτον
 Κύπριν κρατῆσαι, κατθανεῖν ἔδοξέ μοι
 κράτιστον, οὐδεὶς ἀντερεῖ, βουλευμάτων.
 ἐμοὶ γὰρ εἴη μήτε λανθάνειν καλὰ
 μήτ' αἰσχρὰ δρώσῃ μάρτυρας πολλοὺς ἔχειν.
 τὸ δ' ἔργον ἤδη τὴν νόσον τε δυσκλεᾶ,
 γυνή τε πρὸς τοῖσδ' οὔσ' ἐγίγνωσκον καλῶς,
 μίσσημα πᾶσιν. ὥς ὅλοιτο παγκάκως
 ἥτις πρὸς ἄνδρας ἡρξατ' αἰσχύνειν λέχη
 πρώτη θυραίους. ἐκ δὲ γενναίων δόμων
 410 τόδ' ἡρξε θηλείαισι γίγνεσθαι κακόν.
 ὅταν γὰρ αἰσχρὰ τοῖσιν ἐσθλοῖσιν δοκῇ,
 ἢ κέρτα δόξει τοῖς κακοῖς γ' εἶναι καλὰ.

HIPPOLYTUS

Yet practise not the lesson, some from sloth,
And some preferring pleasure in the stead
Of duty. Pleasures many of life there be ;
Long gossip, idlesse,—pleasant evils they ;
And sense of shame—twofold : no ill the one,
But one bows homes to ruin. Were men's choice
clear,

These twain had never borne the selfsame names.

Forasmuch then as I knew this before,
No philtre-spell was like to change mine heart
To make me fall away from this my faith. 390
Thee will I tell the path my reason trod ;—
When love's wound smote me, straight I cast about
How best to bear it : wherefore I began
Thenceforth to hush my moan, to veil my pang.
For the tongue none may trust, which knoweth well
To lesson rebel thoughts of other men,
Yet harboureth countless evils of its own.
Then did I take thought nobly to endure
My folly, triumphing by self-control.

Lastly, when even so I naught availed 400
To o'ermaster Love's Queen, I resolved to die
As of all counsels best—let none gainsay !
For be it mine to do not good unseen,
Nor ill before a cloud of witnesses.
I knew the deed, the very pang, was shame.
Well knew I too what 'tis to be a woman—
None trust, none love us ! Curses upon her
Who showed the way the first to shane the couch
With alien men ! Ah, 'twas from princely homes
That first this curse on womankind had birth. 410
For, when the noble count their shame their good,
The lowly sure will hold it honourable.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

μισῶ δὲ καὶ τὰς σῶφρονας μὲν ἐν λόγοις,
 λάθρα δὲ τόλμας οὐ καλὰς κεκτημένας.
 αἰ πῶς ποτ', ὦ δέσποινα ποντία Κύπρι,
 βλέπουσιν εἰς πρόσωπα τῶν ξυνευνετῶν
 οὐδὲ σκότον φρίσσουσι τὸν ξυνεργάτην
 τέραμνά τ' οἰκῶν, μή ποτε φθογγὴν ἀφῇ;
 420 ἡμᾶς γὰρ αὐτὸ τοῦτ' ὑποκτείνει, φίλαι,
 ὥς μή ποτ' ἄνδρα τὸν ἐμὸν αἰσχύνασ' ἰλῶ,
 μὴ παῖδας οὓς ἔτικτον· ἀλλ' ἐλεύθεροι
 παρρησίᾳ θάλλοντες οἰκοῖεν πόλιν
 κλεινῶν Ἀθηνῶν, μητρὸς εἵνεκ' εὐκλεεῖς.
 δουλοῖ γὰρ ἄνδρα, καὶ θρασύσπλαγχνός τις ἦ,
 ὅταν ξυνειδῇ μητρὸς ἢ πατρὸς κακά.
 μόνον δὲ τοῦτό φασ' ἀμιλλᾶσθαι βίῳ,
 γνώμην δικαίαν κάγαθήν, ὅτῳ παρῇ.
 κακοὺς δὲ θνητῶν ἐξέφην, ὅταν τύχη,
 προθεὶς κάτοπτρον ὥστε παρθένῳ νέᾳ
 430 χρόνος· παρ' οἷσι μή ποτ' ὀφθείην ἐγώ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

φεῦ φεῦ· τὸ σῶφρον ὥς ἀπανταχοῦ καλόν,
 καὶ δόξαν ἐσθλὴν ἐν βροτοῖς καρπίζεται.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

δέσποινα, ἐμοί τοι συμφορὰ μὲν ἀρτίως
 ἢ σὴ παρέσχε δεινὸν ἐξαίφνης φόβον·
 νῦν δ' ἐννοοῦμαι φαῦλος οὕσα· καὶ βροτοῖς
 αἱ δευτεραί πως φροντίδες σοφώτεραι.
 οὐ γὰρ περισσὸν οὐδὲν οὐδ' ἔξω λόγου
 πέπονθας· ὀργαὶ δ' εἰς σ' ἐπέσκηψαν θεᾶς.
 ἐρᾶς·—τί τοῦτο θαῦμα;—σὺν πολλοῖς βροτῶν
 440 κάπειτ' ἔρωτος εἵνεκα ψυχὴν ὀλεῖς;
 οὐ τᾶρα λυεῖ τοῖς ἐρώσι τῶν πέλας,
 ὅσοι τε μέλλουσ', εἰ θανεῖν αὐτοὺς χρεῶν·

HIPPOLYTUS

And O, I hate the continent-professed
Which treasure secret recklessness of shame.
How can they, O Queen Cypris, Sea-born One,
Look ever in the faces of their lords,
Nor shudder lest their dark accomplice, night,
And their own bowers may utter forth a voice?

Me—friends, 'tis even this dooms me to die,
That never I be found to shame my lord, 420
Nor the sons whom I bare : but free, with tongues
Unfettered, flourish they, their home yon burg
Of glorious Athens; blushing ne'er for me.
For this covey man, how stout of heart soe'er,
To know a father's or a mother's sin.
And this alone can breast the shocks of life,
An honest heart and good, in whomso found :
But in his hour Time lifts his mirror, and shows
The vile his vileness there, as a girl sees
Her face. With such may I be never found. 430

CHORUS

Lo now, how fair is virtue everywhere,
Which yieldeth fruit of good repute mid men !

NURSE

Queen, thine affliction, suddenly revealed
But now, wrought in me terrible dismay.
Yet I discern my folly now. 'Tis strange
How second thoughts for men are wisest still.
Thine is the common lot, not past cool weighing :
The Goddess's passion-bolts have smitten thee.
Thou lov'st—what marvel this ?—thou art as many—
And lo, for love's sake wouldst fling life away ! 440
Sooth, 'twere small gain for them which love their
fellows,
Or yet shall love, if help be none save death.

Κύπρις γὰρ οὐ φορητός, ἦν πολλή ρυή·
 ἢ τὸν μὲν εἰκονθ' ἡσυχῇ μετέρχεται,
 ὃν δ' ἂν περισσὸν καὶ φρονούνθ' εὖρη μέγα,
 τοῦτον λαβοῦσα—πῶς δοκεῖς ;—καθύβρισεν.
 φοιτᾷ δ' ἂν αἰθέρ', ἔστι δ' ἐν θαλασσίῳ
 κλύδωνι Κύπρις, πάντα δ' ἐκ ταύτης ἔφν·
 450 ἥδ' ἐστὶν ἡ σπείρουσα καὶ διδοῦσ' ἔρον,
 οὐ πάντες ἐσμέν οἱ κατὰ χθόν' ἔκγονοι.
 ὅσοι μὲν οὖν γραφάς τε τῶν παλαιτέρων
 ἔχουσιν αὐτοὶ τ' εἰσὶν ἐν μούσαις αἰεῖ,
 ἴσασι μὲν Ζεὺς ὥς ποτ' ἡράσθη γάμων
 Σεμέλης, ἴσασι δ' ὥς ἀνῆρπασέν ποτε
 ἡ καλλιφεγγῆς Κέφαλον εἰς θεοὺς Ἔως
 ἔρωτος εἵνεκ'· ἀλλ' ὅμως ἐν οὐρανῷ
 ναίουσι κού φεύγουσιν ἐκποδῶν θεοὺς,
 στέργουσι δ', οἶμαι, συμφορᾷ νικώμενοι.
 460 σὺ δ' οὐκ ἀνέξει ; χρῆν σ' ἐπὶ ῥητοῖς ἄρα
 πατέρα φυτεύειν ἢ πὶ δεσπότηις θεοῖς
 ἄλλοισιν, εἰ μὴ τούσδε γε στέρξεις νόμους.
 πόσους δοκεῖς δὴ κάρτ' ἔχοντας εὖ φρενῶν
 νοσοῦνθ' ὀρώντας λέκτρα μὴ δοκεῖν ὀρᾶν ;
 πόσους δὲ παισὶ πατέρας ἡμαρτηκόσι
 συνεκκομίζειν Κύπριν ; ἐν σοφοῖσι γὰρ
 τάδ' ἐστὶ θνητῶν, λανθάνειν τὰ μὴ καλά.
 οὐδ' ἐκπονεῖν τοι χρῆν βίον λίαν βροτούς·
 οὐδὲ στέγην γάρ, ἥς κατηρεφεῖς δοκοί,¹
 470 κανὼν ἀκριβώσῃ ἂν·² εἰς δὲ τὴν τύχην
 πεσοῦσ' ὅσῃν σὺ πῶς ἂν ἐκνεῦσαι δοκεῖς ;
 ἀλλ' εἰ τὰ πλείω χρυστὰ τῶν κακῶν ἔχεις,
 ἄνθρωπος οὔσα κάρτα γ' εὖ πράξεις ἂν.

¹ Seidler : for MSS. δόμοι.

² Musgrave : for MSS. καλῶς ἀκριβώσειαν,

